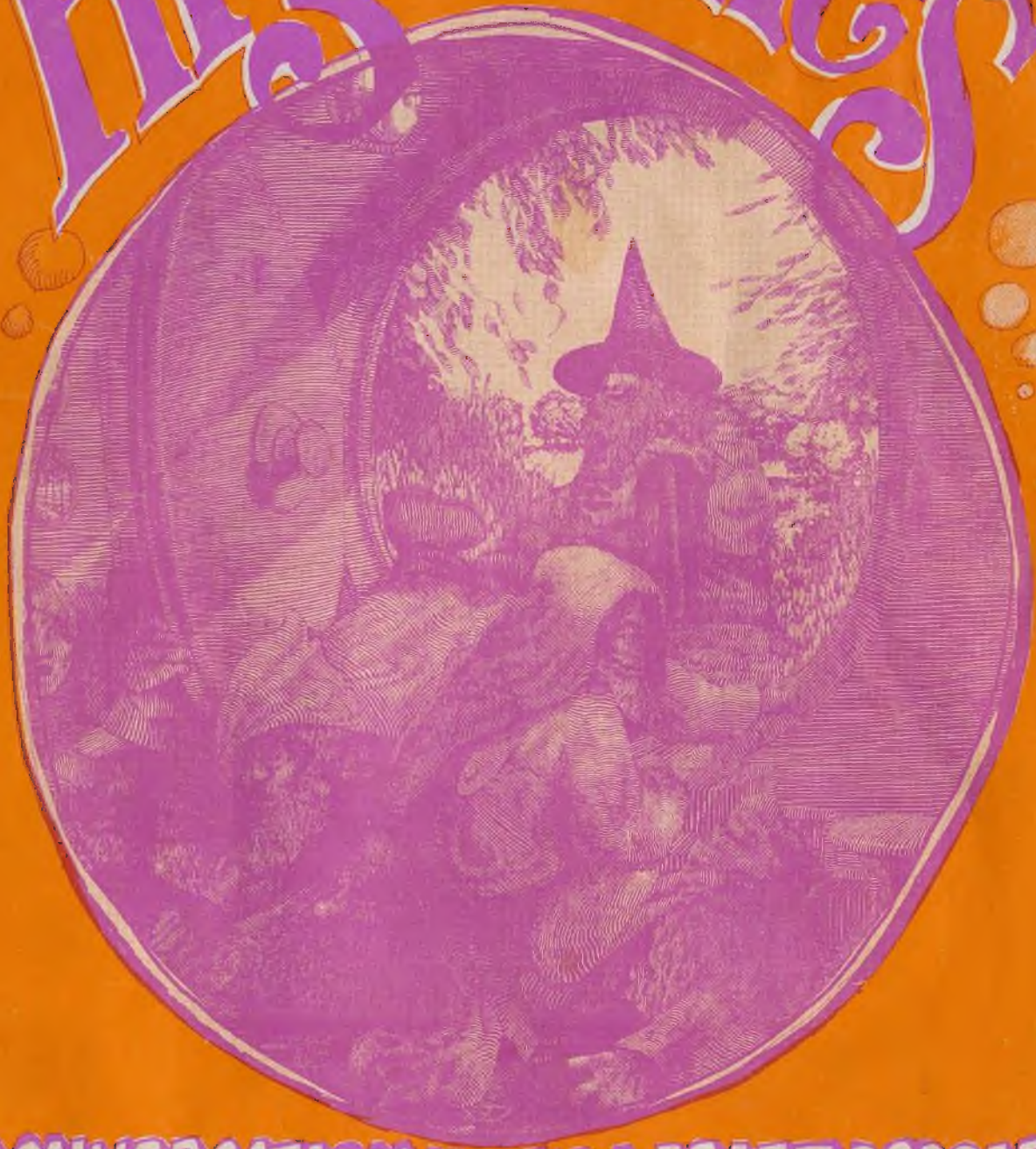


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High Times



CONVERSATION WITH A DRAFT DODGER



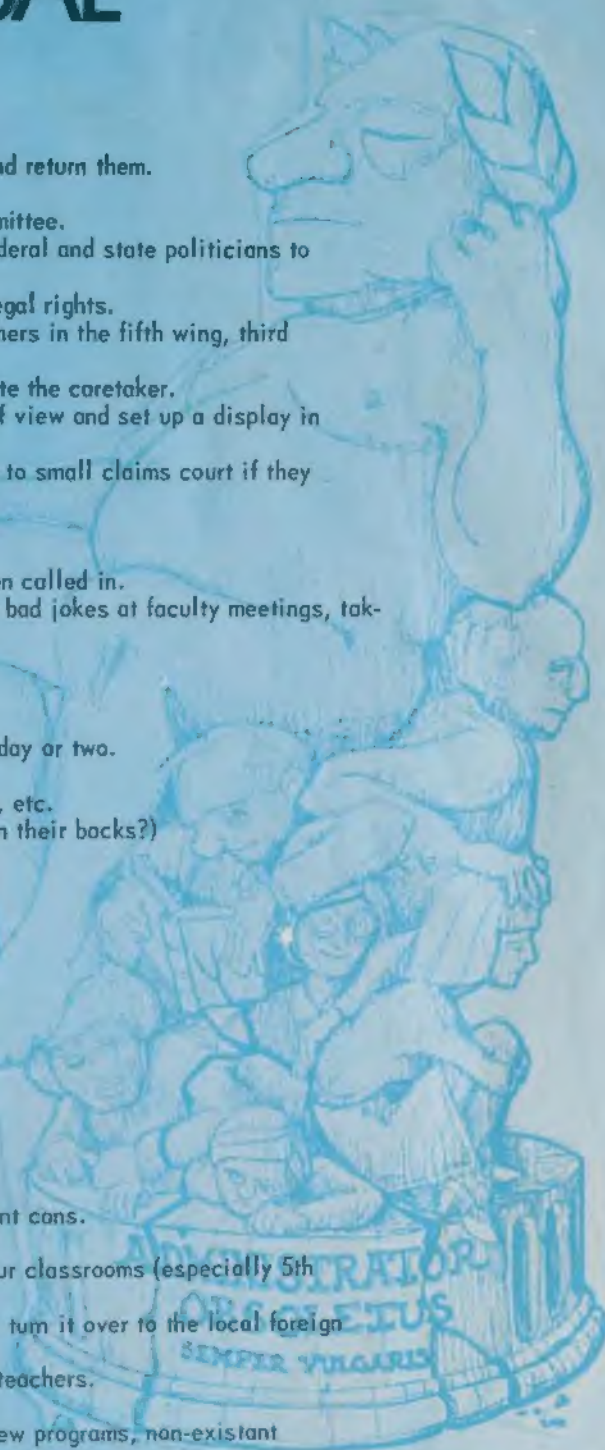
FROM MAN FROM UTOPIA — BY RICK GRIFFIN

for underground teachers

the new

GUERRILLA MANUAL

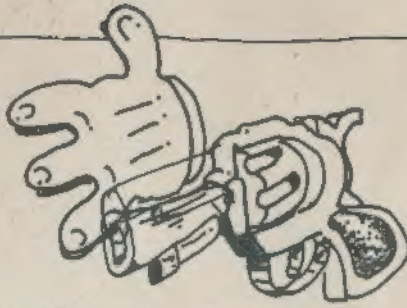
1. Stop the gossip about kids in staff rooms.
2. Have your English classes correct all office memos and return them.
3. Put out bogus memos.
4. Assist kids in setting up a curriculum evaluation committee.
5. Sabotage the course requirement system by inviting federal and state politicians to classes.
6. Arrange Civil Liberties presentations for kids about legal rights.
7. Use walkie-talkies to stay in touch with isolated teachers in the fifth wing, third floor.
8. Conduct free Saturday classes — open the school, invite the caretaker.
9. Help students photograph the school from their point of view and set up a display in town.
10. Send the school a bill for chaperone services — take it to small claims court if they don't pay.
11. Have your wife telephone you during staff meetings.
12. Visit a New School near you.
13. Take a tape recorder/witness/lawyer to the office when called in.
14. Calculate and publicise the total man-hours wasted by bad jokes at faculty meetings, taking attendance, playground duty, assembly duty, etc.
15. Give up classes on Fridays and have jam sessions.
16. Stop being afraid of parents.
17. Post walk-on-the-right signs in the halls.
18. Have teachers try going on a student's schedule for a day or two.
19. Help students draft a Students' Bill of Rights.
20. Place glad-wrap over waste cans, teachers' mailboxes, etc.
21. Stop teachers from jumping lunch queues (tape signs on their backs?)
22. Demand a merit pay system for your administrators.
23. Arrange for a no-adults area for kids.
24. Have a student film festival.
25. Post the Guerilla Manual on the faculty bulletin board.
26. Let students teach classes.
27. Issue poetic licenses to English teachers.
28. Have teachers try trading subjects once in a while.
29. Try having students communicate without words.
30. Don't wear a tie.
31. Seize the intercom and dismiss school.
32. Give a kid a day off if his parent comes to school.
33. Give students their choice of instructors.
34. Put a rocking chair in every room.
35. Demand the doors be placed on the toilets in the student cons.
36. Refuse to take assembly or playground duty.
37. Take up a collection and buy all kinds of games for your classrooms (especially 5th and 6th forms).
38. Make a tape of the racist remarks in the staff room and turn it over to the local foreign community.
39. Set aside a blackboard for graffiti for students and/or teachers.
40. Stop collecting sports money.
41. Overload the office with bogus memos, proposals for new programs, non-existent meetings, etc.



guerilla teaching

CONTD

42. Epoxy the head master's door shut.
43. Ask the local garden club to beautify the school grounds.
44. Build a fireplace in the staff room. Use it.
45. Buy a 1970 calendar for the staff room.
46. Hire a rock band to play for your classes and turn up the amplifiers.
47. Periodically, have hordes of teachers (or students) go to the office and ask to have rumor confirmed or denied.
48. Start rumors.
49. Put silly messages in staff boxes.
50. Leave phoney letters of application lying around the school.
51. Wire a scrambler into the PA system.
52. Start an argument at a staff meeting early in the year and find out who has any guts and brains.
53. Leave phoney letters of resignation for (?) lying around the school.
54. Send out bogus notices: "There will be a meeting...", "All sports days are cancelled" "All 5th formers will report to the office at 3:00 pm.....".
55. Get a bullhorn and shout back down the hall.
56. Post negative directives on the hall bulletin boards: "Boys will NOT wear track shoes to school Thursday...." "Students will not wear black armbands....", etc.
57. Help bachelor teachers prettify their rooms.
58. Bring in a community person at least once a week to teach, or watch, or take notes.
59. Let your kids sit where they want (floor not excepted).
60. Take some floor pillows to school.
61. Put a suggestion box in your room. Use it.
62. Start a confidential file written by TEACHERS, make it available to prospective teachers when they come to interview.
63. Offer to make the teacher-written file available to administrators if they will make theirs available to teachers.
64. Bring in doctors, carpenters, housewives, mechanics, engineers, cops, etc., and let your kids ask questions.
65. Run satiric ads in the local newspaper: "For sale — one school, 39 teachers (31 Labor, two liberals, five middle-of-the-roadsers, one radical....)" etc.
66. Bring EVERYTHING that's not being used in school to your room: pianos, settee, books, magazines, typewriters, globes, maps, sports equipment....
67. Set up a phoney school and hire away all the crummy teachers.
68. Encourage older students to teach younger ones, or vice versa where applicable".
69. Hire a solicitor and file a test suit over the "...and any other duties" clause.
70. Plaster the staff bulletin boards with mind-blowing articles about schools, books, plays, politics, movies, meetings, pot parties, etc.
71. Buy the head master a subscription to High Times for Christmas.
72. Initiate public meetings and debates on education in your district.
73. Refuse to chaperone games, school trips, buses, sports etc.
74. Have a guerilla tactics brainstorming at your next staff meeting.
75. Conduct evening seminars with parents on how schools fail their children and what's needed for kids to learn.
80. Help students and parents organise a Free School.
81. Teach grammar for nine solid months and help speed up the revolution.
82. Grow your hair (if you're a man).
83. Refuse to teach more than 20 kids in the first three grades.
84. Make a deal with the office: you won't use the PA if they won't.
85. Telephone one parent every night to talk about his child, for fifteen minutes.
86. Demand equal time with coaches to speak at Rotary meetings about last week's lesson and the coming week's big test.
87. Collect facts on budget breakdowns and publicize them.
88. Set up a speakers bureau of teachers and offer them to interested groups.



89. Use parent teacher association meetings to agitate for change.
90. Use teachers to recruit new teachers.
91. Tell the office secretary that you don't take orders from her.
92. Explain to the public how non-teaching duties are a waste of the taxpayers' money.
93. Interview as a team — tell them to take all of you or none.
94. Invite parents to class frequently, ask them to work as aides.
95. Meet with university faculties in your area and tell them what's going on in the schools.
96. Form a staff senate. Use it.
97. Invite your head master to your class every day. Invite him to teach a class.
98. Actively support teachers in the lower grades who are trying to improve conditions there.
99. Begin your next job interview by shouting "I don't take shit from anybody!"
100. Hire an actor to impersonate parental voices and make telephone calls to the office.
101. Produce a teacher newsletter with tidbits of change, rebellion, successes, failures, etc.
102. Encourage students and parents to pressure for a real voice in curriculum decisions.
103. Invite the inspector to visit your classes.
104. Ask him to teach one. Evaluate it and send it to the education department.
105. Ban plastic (coffee cups, chairs, desks, food....)
106. Organise a spring festival of the Arts: music, art, writing, athletic events, etc., and ask the local talented adults to perform.
107. Become a parent.
108. Forget about the curriculum for a day and talk about the good books you've read recently.
109. Decipher the dress code.
110. Arrange for a student lounge.
111. Carpet the halls.
112. Encourage students to paint classroom interiors, choose posters.
113. Allow singing in the halls.
114. Plant grass in the chalk trays.
115. **ENCOURAGE YOUR KIDS TO STRIKE FOR ALL ABOVE!**

GEORGE GUALTNY

CRUMB PRODUCTIONS



DID ABBIE DO IT?

What was the first piece of thievery connected with Abbie Hoffman's (or so we all thought) Yippie survival manual 'Steal This Book'? A young American guy named Izak Haber claims that it was a monster rip-off by Abbie himself - that Abbie is by no means sole author of the book, and that much, if not most of the credit should go to himself, Izak.

And who's ever heard of Izak Haber? The only reference to him in 'Steal This Book' is a discrete little mention on the title-page, referring to him as a 'co-conspirator' - and misspelling his name, so we're told - plus a message in the introduction which says that Izak Haber was a nice guy who helped, along with lots of other people. But wait until you see what Izak has to say about his association with Abbie over the considerable period during which the book was written and put together.

Originally a 75,000 word manuscript, his tale has been condensed in several overseas magazines, and makes great heavy gossip reading, as well as casting some strong doubts as to just what Our Favourite Yippie is into the revolution game for.

Izak Haber says that he got the idea for 'Steal This Book' after hearing Abbie speak at a park in Berkeley in December '69. At that time he was a 20-year-old politically oriented freak who'd never worked a day in his life and thought of himself as a Living Free Expert. He envisioned the book as a manual to tell all those kids just aching to leave home and join the revolution how to hitch, freight, hop planes, buses, eat

free, sleep free, wash free, be entertained free - live free.

He wrote to Abbie and explained his ideas. Abbie wrote back and said he was a bit busy with the Trial at the time, but do come up and see him in New York when there were, say 50 - 60 pages together. Izak then goes on to describe how he and his lady, Lynn, proceeded to work their guts out for the next four months (Lynn mostly employed on typing, of course) on the beginnings of the book and how he gradually fell in love with the thing. Oh, and with Abbie too, of course). Izak likes to remind us every few paragraphs just how much he loved, trusted, respected and revered ole Abbie. Thought him a genius, in fact.

In early May, with about 230 pages done, Izak went to New York to see Abbie. After some trouble in getting in touch with him (like being hung up on twice by Anita, Abbie's wife) he got their address and went to visit them at their penthouse apartment.

He was deeply shocked to walk in and find - what's this? No ratty revolutionary's pad as he had hoped and fully expected, heavy with dope-smoke and the rich odour of lots of free and easy fucking, covered in posters and political tracts, but a clean(gasp) tidy (gasp, gasp) two-person set-up, with clean dishes and lots of plants flowers growing. Which sounds pretty nice to me, but Izak did not approve one bit.

He was horrified by Anita from the first, by the damning fact that she wore a dressing-gown rather than lollop about the place naked. He goes on to give a picture of her as a neurotic clinging, bourgeois neatnik, who had graduated from 'some girl's university' and he refers to her studies as 'a bunch of pure shit.'

Despite the fact that they are so disappointed in the place, he and Lynn move in.

Izak then tells us all about how close he got to the still-adored Abbie, playing pool together, going for walks, to the movies, even acting as his

bodyguard, and bitches more about insecure upper-middle class Anita, and even gets round to calling her a fascist. This culminates in a big scene where she refuses to allow Jerry Rubin to stay at their place, saying that he upsets her. To Izak, this is the final evidence of her hung-up unforgivable bourgeois shittiness.

Finally, most of the work that Izak can do on the book is completed, and he shows it to Abbie, who suddenly realises that he'll have to do something too. He had earlier insisted on a profit-split of 70/30 in favor of Izak, but now reconsiders in terms of 50/50.

From here, things slide very rapidly downhill. The Disillusionment of Young Issac. At first, he sees it as nothing more than friendly confusion, not to be alarmed. But after the touching scene in which he fully completes all the work he can do on the book, and is so overjoyed to see his darling complete at last that he practically screws it, we are made to realise What It Means to Him, and that he ain't gonna give up easy.

So here we go. Backstabbing screaming matches through the streets of New York, money-hassles, who-gets-credit-for what wrangles, ego-trips flying thick and fast. Hiring of lawyers, demands for expenses, offers and counter-offers, accusations and denials. Hard to picture all them yippies and similar free-living revolution of fun types involved in all that, huh? But (says Izak) they were, they were indeed.

At last, an agreement is reached. A great long wherefore and hereinafter, whereto and hereunto document, giving Izak 19%, Lynn 1%, their attorney 2 1/2% - and Abbie the balance. Plus all distribution, promotion film, dramatic, etc., etc., rights. And more too.

Well!

But hold on folks - don't burn your copies of 'Revolution For the Hell Of It' just yet.

SMALL NOTES

AUSTRALIA

MELBOURNE SUPER HERO

Well a local talent has finally made a name for himself in the U.S. without the use of promoters or hype. The man is Jeff Crozier who performed all of Australia with this crazy magic rock show up till June this year. Jeff is now on a salary with Marvel Comics as resident magician, which considering all the local competition must have been some feat.

Come January Marvel is featuring its heros like Spider Man, Captain America and The Fabulous Four at a giant show in Carnegie Hall with Jeff as the amn producing them all from his hat. He has no intentions of returning at the moment. Who would with such an array of work mates?

PIRATES VS. GPO

3DR is going on the air again, hopefully for the next Moratorium, in December. It was last heard at the top of the dial next to 3AK during the draft resisters' stay in the Melbourne University Union which was ended by a not too gentle search by Commonwealth Police. Those people behind it are giving a lot more time to the programming for the next session and with new and better equipment the people's radio should make for uncomfortable competition for its next door neighbor.

THE SCENE- AGAIN?

Looks as though Melbourne Australia will be ringing with rock in a big new way come December with the opening of not one but two ballrooms on the style and scale of the old Filmores.

The smaller and cozier of the two will be called the Much More Ballroom and is really the step-sister of the old T.F. Much Ballroom. The hall holds 3000 people at stuffed capacity, though nearly 4000 crushed in there for the 'Jimi Hendrick's Janis Choplin

Memorial' October last year. Shows are planned for once a month. Location, Brunswick Street, Fitzroy.

On the other side of town \$60,000 is going into a venue to be called the Regent. \$20,000 of that has been redecoration for the old Regent Theatre. Another 22 thou has bought the most incredible collection of lights anywhere in Australia. These doors are to be opened fortnightly. Location - Toorak Road, South Yarra.

Both owners of these venues must have grand visions, possibly hallucinations. In order for both venues to be financially successful the scene will have to turn out in a force Melbourne, yea Australia, has never seen.

Come December, Melbourne should be putting Australia on the rock map. Suggestion to out of work musicians... start rehearsing.

SOLID GOLD FENCE

In the not too distant past a large rock concert was held in Melbourne at the Myer Music Bowl. For most of those in attendance the concert took place behind a 6 foot hessian-covered fence.

This not-so-decorative fence which cost the promoters very bad vibes, also cost them \$500 to rent, erect and obstruct.

Needless to say both the concert and the visuals were dismal failures.

TOPLESS EXAMS

In Adelaide a guy, part way through his stay of examining, stood up, took out an axe and proceeded to smash his table to pieces.

And in Perth and Melbourne, draft resisters continued to evade police even while openly attending exams.

Meanwhile a young lady at the Melbourne University exams, halfway into the exam shuffled to the top of the table sans apparel to display to the crowd her feelings about the exercise which colorfully read 'DOWN WITH EXAMS'.

The hall matrons quickly covered the situation.

REVOLUTION BUSTED

If you are in possession of the March 1971 issue of Revolution you just might be holding obscene literature. Friday November 12, Go-Set Publications Pty. Ltd. was served with 3 summonses for publishing, possession and sale of obscene material i.e. Revolution.

Inevitable. Maybe. Since there are no real obscenity definitions the various state governments find it necessary to pull up something now and then so they can try once again to set some limits. Actually the only time which they are (technically) forced to prosecute is when some Tom, Dick or Harry phones in a complaint



Apparently three things found mentioned in the March issue are causing the uproar. It seems a line about 69ers and vaginas, a mention of Mick Jagger's balls and a horny cartoon (cut up to make it unintelligible to all except the Vice Squad) fall within this non-existent definition of obscene.

Time is of no consequence to the Victorian government. Phillip Frazer, who played some sort of role in the issue, was questioned on the matter four months ago, which was still four months after the issue had been sold and collected from the stands. Perhaps they are afraid to touch a current issue for fear of all the free publicity they'd provide. Or else they are slow readers. Or maybe this is just the first in a series of eight.

The trial is scheduled for the end of December

The Last WHOLE EARTH

by Garrie Hutchinson

By now everyone has some idea of what the WEC looks like, what it feels like, who did it, perhaps even a little on why they did it and certainly that it was a case of an idea whose time had come. It's a pretty interesting way of getting some inkling of part of the alternate culture's more creative side. Those guys were interested in giving our counterparts in the States access: opening doors and windows. But of course, there in the good old USA lots more is happening: starvation, insurrection, destruction, ripoffs, rock, the totality of all the bags anyone has fought out of. Burn one bag and there are still whole newsagents full. No worries about that. So we're looking at a sort of survival manual that is the other side of a bad nickel. That in itself is much better than either talking or killing, but it affects only a small number of people. No apolitical utopian visions can be planked on top of the WEC.

Stewart Brand: "All power to the persons."

So he ended up with 450 tabloid pages on 340 subjects with about 3800 entries. It goes from stuff you'd expect — farms, food, domes, bucky fuller to more stuff you'd like — magazines, furniture, engineering, slaughtering & video to stuff you'd hoped existed — kamasutra oil, grass, black women, kids lib., short reviews of most of what you'll need to know to do anything...& and all motivated by the intensist desire to save the planet and the men: it whips off the page & that's probably the most it does or could do for you and me diggers. Access for us to American goods is a process of waiting and inefficiency. Some of them are in the country but where to find them is another problem. Except for books. At least a few people have had the sense to combat the import censors (source, third world, international, readings to name a few.)

Gurney Norman: "...no one is ever competent with his hands until he uses them and flipping through how-to-do-it books can hardly be described as manual labor. So perhaps the best way to recommend a book...is to call it literature and emphasize its spiritual value. I kind of like that idea. I've thought the same thing about the WEC in general, which brings up an interesting question: if the ultimate test of a good manual is its success as art, does that mean that the ultimate test of a good novel is its use as a manual? we'll see..."

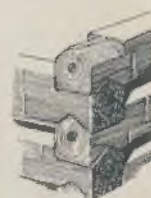
JD Smith: "...people learn from catalogs. If there was only one way to do a thing, then there wouldn't be any reason to choose between this & that; catalogs are wish books, where you can match what you want with what you need: catalogs are dictionaries where you can learn



Wolf trap



One way to corner a squared-log house so the joints will drain



Frontier Living

the vocabulary, talk shop."

Everyone who has tried to write about what the WEC is hasn't made it. Most have written around the ideas - description is impossible. So lets just look at two salutary tales.

CATALOG or WHAT

The Beginning: Stewart Brand had the idea while up in an aeroplane reading a book called 'spaceship earth' which he never finished. He had a lot of money that he wasn't using. He was involved in a couple of fiascos at the Portola Institute. He jotted a few notes in the back of the book, got off the plane and set about going through with it. From his story in the Last WEC, it is easy to see that he had little idea of what he was going to do, or why or how. In fact that's Salutory Tale One. If the idea is good, then you can't really fuck it providing you are willing to learn, and don't make the same mistake twice. George Orwell once said that all revolutions are failures, but not the same failure.

Salutory Tale Number Two has to do with the demise of the WEC. At the end of his history of the WEC, Stewart wrote...

"If it's all right with you, I'm going back to the trees. We get asked a lot, 'whats in the future for you folks', as if we knew. Well let's see. We'll clean up the garage and sell the production equipment, maybe to Kesey who wants to start a traveling magazine called 'SPIT IN THE OCEAN'. Us out of work production people will draw our two weeks severance pay. We'll keep the Truck Store going in Menlo Park, and maybe try out some new things with it in relation to the Portola Institute. We'll have our DEMISE party that Scott Beach has set up at the Exploratorium in San Francisco. We'll do some traveling. We'll take a ride on Patchens coda:

PAUSE

AND BEGIN AGAIN."

Gregory Groth Jacobs: "You see, of course, it is just as important that you publish the Catalog as what you put in IT — you are a vital Priority Distillery: Education, Tools, and Appliances for Self-Reliance and you document that very process of distillation thereby endorsing Design as one entire side of the evolutionary coin. Now, as never before, because of Extraordinary Devices, one man's Special Sight can be shared by many more who see a little better because of his efforts; in our struggle to become ever less Blind all the vehicles which bring the Possibilities of these Special Sightings to us are like much needed Jenses or Aids: extra eyes and extra ears to help us make our Way in the Dark. As any designer knows — you cut off the Source, The Inspirator — and you cripple the product, you trip up the Effort.

So, goddamn it, GROW UP. (or at least justify your suicide)."

On the back they wrote — "We can't put it together. It is together."

But they've done it. The Demise itself made the whole concept of ending the WEC even more salutory.

A Key to the American Psilocybin Mushroom magic mushroom information, not found in normal mushroom guides.

—jd



Psilocybe quebecensis



A Key to the Psilocybin Mushroom

Leonard Enos

1970; 79pp.

\$5.00 postpaid

from:

Church of the One Sermon

8135 Lincoln Street

Lemon Grove, California 92045

or WHOLE EARTH CATALOG

All but one of the species have revealed an interesting and striking chemical characteristic that is very constant in fresh specimens. When the Fruit are scratched, bruised by handling, or injured in any way they stain blue, or, if the surface color is yellowish, green or greenish blue. This harmless phenomenon is apparently caused by the oxidation of an enzyme in conjunction with the psilocybin and is a main point of identification. Certain chemical reagents are known to accelerate this bluing. The best, of these indicators, p-methylaminophenol sulphate or metol, gives a constant and strongly positive reaction on the flesh of the stem, becoming very deep violet within 1-30 minutes. This chemical, which is in crystal form, is inexpensive and can be prepared from any chemical house or photographic shop that handles dark room supplies. Metol will dissolve in about 20 times its weight of distilled water, and the solution must be used immediately since it is unstable. A canteen of distilled water and a small plastic bottle are all the tools needed to make up the solution in the field. Be sure to shake the solution vigorously to shorten the dissolving time.

Stewart handed over to the meeting/party \$20,000 — the amount he started the WEC off with... "to use as a tool"... "use this as a seed. The WEC ceases. The seeds have been planted already. Your consensus will decide what will be done with this money. There are microphones, there are causes, there are possibilities."

The meeting couldn't agree, couldn't get it together, drifted away, left the money in the hands of one Fred Moore.

They blew the ultimate tool.

What to make of that? No criticism of Stewart. He had a lot of money, he's got a lot more now. But he is the guy that the whole gig depended on. He did what he could.

But for the learning process the WEC is the place to start. It introduces the tools to you. What you make of the information is your scene. Blow it if you have to, but remember everyone is depending on you.

BETTER DEAD THAN WED

Lurking so deep as a way of life, inbred as the need for food and water is a rip-off so big and bigoted that even the most full blown trend setting revolutionaries have failed to recognise it, decry it, and have even been guilty of it. John Lennon, Albert Langer, Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, Abbie Hoffman, Eldridge Cleaver all have something in common with Tricky Dick, Billy McMouse and Mayor Daly, they have all availed themselves of one of the system's all time cons — the holy state of matrimony.

After 2000 years you'd think someone would have cottoned on to this rip-off and started picking it to the bones before now. Marriage, resting quietly behind its emotional guard-all shield breeds the most hideous and often the most dangerous threats to mankind and annihilates any hope of this utopia mentioned often amongst the underground.

[Attention Women's Liberationists.] Quoted from the Matrimonial Causes Act 1959 (Australia) on marriage: "the status of husband and wife comes into existence and from that status rights and obligations arise. Marriage created on indissoluble union and husband and wife are regarded as one person in law, the legal existence of the wife being incorporated in that of her husband, he being the head of the household, she being under his protection, being known as feme covert, and her condition as a married woman being described as coverture." Alias, the grat China doll theory.

Have you ever considered the terms used in matrimony? I hereby declare you man and wife... thus you have hereby relinquished your official existence as woman, yet he retains his biological role of man. Note under synonyms in Roget's Thesaurus that an acceptable

synonym for marriage is wifehood, but nowhere to be found is husbandhood. And just to make the wound a little deeper, in the same book the word celibacy for means bachelorhood which correlates with the word independence, for womanhood celibacy means spinsterhood and its correlation is unsociability! So much for Roget. Every marriage act in the world virtually reeks of male dominance. Every woman who waddles her way up the aisle is blatantly accepting governmental repression. I now pronounce you man and Idiot.

[Attention revolutionaries.] The crime — the pure and simple existence of the Matrimonial Causes Acts 1959, 1961, 1984. As pedantic as the next sentence may sound, it cannot be said too often. At the very heart of the revolution is the quest for freedom for the individual. So 10,000 show up at demonstrations against the draft, university students waltz out of exams, people refuse to pay income tax, people smoke pot and demand an end to war. Well, maybe people have stopped showing up at their local draft board but the queue at the department of matrimony doesn't seem to have suffered.

When you sign up for your appointment either the sickle-celled Town Hall or the ecclesiastic follies of your choice these are a few of the things you are about to endorse:

(Australia) The Marriage Act 1961—

* Marriage according to law in Australia is the union of a man and a woman to the exclusion of all others, voluntarily entered into for life.

* Marriage has this in common with many types of contract, that the rights and duties created by the relationship are reciprocal, in the sense that neither party can effectively enjoy his rights or perform his duties without

the collaboration of the other

- * A marriage between a domiciled British subject and an alien enemy in time of war is not valid.

- * Parties who contract a marriage cannot at their will dissolve it.

- * The purpose of a decree for restitution of conjugal rights is to enforce the general marital duty that husband and wife shall live together

As summarised—

- * It is a matrimonial offence not to have intercourse.

- * You must be of a certain age.

- * You cannot marry the same person twice.

... to state a few.

Heavy? Well what about the fact that we pay them for telling us how two people must relate? Then add that that to the fact that we have to pay them again when we don't want to relate under THEIR laws anymore. Needless to say that money could be put to much better use.

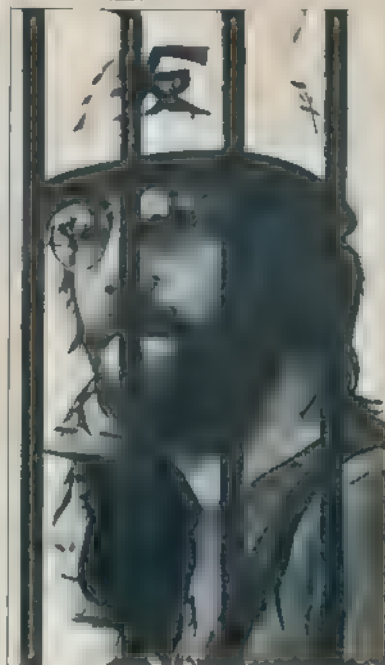
While on the subject of money Marriage may be entered into voluntarily, but like a company the result is a montage of red tape. Any law book will tell you '... marriage is consensual in origin, the obligations which it creates being imposed by law cannot necessarily be varied by agreement.' The man must support the wife, all properties owned or purchased become common property, wifey and children come in handy as a tax deduction, not to mention the 53 things that are grounds for divorce (which is appropriately called 'suing for divorce'). Perhaps it would be more appropriate to substitute the word marriage for amalgamation and call yourselves Mr & Mrs Dumps Pty Ltd.

Don't forget alimony, the one thing the wife has that a company director doesn't qualify for. And why hasn't a woman ever paid alimony?

In order to effectively cover the full spectrum of the virulence of marriage it is certainly necessary to mention **paranoia and possession**. Both are gladly provided by the legal state of matrimony. Arguments must never occur because for Christ's sake you're legally bound to stay together for LIFE. She is yours and only yours to the exclusion of all others, even God says so. These must be the non sequiturs to the legal marriage or else why all the laws? It's not stretching the imagination too much to envisage a typical married couple with a library full of marriage law acts and all their furniture sawn in half, wondering unrelentingly why they don't get along.

If you want to retain the friendship and freedom of love don't sign that contract. Do not endorse the ugliness of 2000 years of laws and paranoia. Do not sign away your sincere love to a legal facsimile. Do not perpetuate male dominance myths and do not admit to the government you don't have the brains to relate to another person without its guidance

Hopefully now all those John Lennons and Albert Langers will see just how unrevolutionary the holy latching ceremony is. Hopefully now the legal matrimony will be equated with the worst of the system's mind-fucks where it belongs. (Haven't all the divorces, suicides and murders due to this beast proven this already?)



JOHN & YOKO SUPPORT THE SYSTEM

Marriage can be and is a favorable institution, not as it stands now but with a bit of the old revolutionary revitalising.

First off redefine marriage as a long term union of a man and a woman which is the definition gleaned from the legal definition when repressive words such as law, exclusion, life are deleted. Then if a man and a woman dig each other enough to envisage spending some time together this can be done without involving the wrath of god and government. **Simply decide you are married.** Have a party and make your decision then if you wish it to be officially recognised. The rules and regulations of this decision will unfold from then as they apply best to the two people involved. Define your marriage as you go along. Nothing will be holding you two together except that initial decision once made that you were trying for a long term love affair. Nobody is going to tell you what belongs to whom (including the universal glue — children). When and if complications arise, put it to your friends to help you divide. In other words make marriage a state of mind along with the love it is based on!

Next to making it illegal to take away what you should have complete authority for your life — the fact that the government and all its subsidiaries can tell the world how two people must and should relate would be one of the greatest jokes of all times. And seeing how it has been going on for just that the joke is no longer funny!

By keeping the responsibility of the relationship within the realm of the two involved, one very bad government institution will be put out of business and we will be one step closer to being the free individuals we should be.

Macy Mc Farland

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF REVOLUTION



By Chris Hector

First You've Got To Free Your Mind Instead...

The next exciting episode folks, of man's search for freedom.

Last time around the rise of a revolutionary youth movement was discussed. The theory of a working class revolution was challenged by the fact of the domination of the protest movement by middle class youth. Many of them reacting to the blatant hypocrisy of the society in which they find themselves. Perhaps the most important single factor in revolutionising this group was the Vietnam war. Here the discrepancy between the bullshit and the reality was at its most extreme

In the name of freedom and democracy our rulers attempted to prop up a series of totally corrupt and totally dictatorial regimes against the wishes of the people of Vietnam. Here a nation of peasants stood against the combined weight of the most sophisticated and brutal military machine in man's history. From a standpoint of moral outrage many went on to analyse the society in which they lived. It became obvious that the war was not a "mistake" — that our society was so fundamentally corrupt and inhuman that the oppression of the people of the third world was necessary to its exist-

ence. That our society so perverted the individuals within it that they were prepared to sit back and watch the systematic destruction of an entire people. This kind of awareness led to the development of revolutionary student groups and mass demonstrations.

But another factor enters the scene; the drug culture. While the political revolt led to an awareness that the society was in dire need of revolutionary change, the increasing use of both pot and acid led to a realization that personal change and development was both possible and necessary. That each of us had within us the sickness of our society. That many of our human potentialities were being denied us and that it was possible to do something about it right now. The task was not to wait for a revolution to free us but for each individual to personally liberate himself.

The drug culture moved easily into an interest in the eastern techniques of personal liberation, into yoga, into zen buddhism. The feeling of total oneness with the world and oneself that pot and acid seemed to induce had a great deal of similarity to the state of *satori* described by the eastern religious masters.

Many young people then developed an attitude of religious quietism. The activities of the student revolutionaries appeared tainted by the very vices that they claimed to be bent on getting rid of. Sitting there stoned in a political meeting, it's pretty hard to make a distinction between the absurdities of a parliament and the ego tripping and power games of the very group who claim to be initiating the free society.

Many of the political revolutionaries seem to have a profound contempt

for their fellow man — in the name of mankind they spend much of their time trying to do each other over.

In 1970 there was in Sydney almost the perfect example of this kind of attitude. The National Anti War Conference. As soon as the conference began it was obvious that those attending had come with their minds already made up. They weren't interested in anything other than their own factional disputes. That the effective enemy was not the war machine but any who didn't agree with the particular narrow dogma that each group trotted around with them as a permanent reminder of how totally bound up in the society they were attacking they were.

Faced with this kind of alternative many retreated into themselves. I mean, why get involved in all those kind of hassles when you can sit around, groove, — light a log and put on a record. For get about the world out there. And anyway man I'm working out on my karma, the cosmic forces and all, and you know about all those heavy capricorns who always get into those heavy political scenes man.... how about another joint?

This really sounds much more of a put down than I meant. The drug scene did tell us a lot of valuable things. It did help us work out a lot of the hang-ups but like the man says, sooner or later anything that's an ally has to become an enemy. Sooner or later the mindlessness that went with a lot of the drug scene began to look just as absurd as the power tripping of the politicians.

What to do? It seems to me that some kind of synthesis must be attempted. That the good things of the political scene must be wedded with the special kind of knowledge that the drug scene and the mysterious *b.t* gave us. That we must find some way of living that will not only enable us to develop our fullest potentialities but at the same time confront the society in which we live. Some way must be found to change ourselves and the society in an authentic manner that avoids the ego traps of organized political action.

In a way this brings us to the notion of the counter-culture or the alternative society. That our task is to build within the framework of this society a new and more human culture. A culture that will hopefully show that the repression and the narrowness of this society is not inevitable — that there is an alternative.

THE FREAP MAGAZINES

Ever since Marshall McLuhan announced the death of the print medium we've been bombarded with it. New magazines and newspapers. News-magazines and pamphlets.

In the States it came with the street people, a few of whom were willing to take to the streets and flog copies of their magazines, or their group's magazine, just to spread their collective experience.

The Los Angeles Free Press started it on the west coast as did Village Voice in New York. Names were made in the pioneering days of the free press, underground press, freak press . . . whatever. Art Kunkin (LA Freep), John Wilcox (East Village Other, Freep, and now Other Scenes), Max Scheer (Berkeley Barb) and Jann Wenner (Rolling Stone).

At any one time now in the States, there are probably four or five hundred more or less regularly published papers or magazines that exist outside of the System for one reason or another. It is possible to compile lists of them, to classify them, and even collate a Digest (as in Readers) of them, which someone or other has already done.

In London (spiritual home of western middle-class revolution prior to S.F.) the longest-lasting free/freak presses are IT (originally International Times) and Oz. From here on in I'll call it the 'freap'. OK? Oz is arguably the first freap ever produced (taking its Sydney origins as its beginning date) and like IT has been on the brink of extinction for a year or so after vice squad busts and fines.

Australia is unique (for something other than its phenomenal inability to be original) in that the student press has played the role of freap, and for as long as the freap has existed in either the USA, England or Europe.

As I was saying — the sixties saw the maturation of the first generation nurtured on television and the audiotactile environment, but television had become the toy of the massive corporations — and that left the programming to accountants and bureaucrats.

For the first half of the decade it was radio, struggling to recover a purpose, tried to sound like it might be coming from real live people. Radio invented Top 40! Once the big boys moved (back) into radio and formulaised that along the new lines, it fell to the press to provide the non-formularised vehicle for exploring the real world and the real people. (The sudden worldwide availability of offset printing presses, with their cheap sup-

port facilities like IBM typesetters, was both a cause and a result of the rise of the freap.)

It is in the sense of a medium that is too new to have set hard in the arteries that the underground press was 'free'.

Concurrent with and complementary to the rise of the freap was the transfer of the musicians/poets of rock from radio to the (looser) medium of the live concert, and then the stereogram.

Not only did the rise of each new medium help define the aspirations, preoccupations and limitations of its audience — the organisations that grew to produce these media functioned as vanguards in the sense that within these organisational structures, roles, relationships and new systems were developed. It is on this level that I'm looking at the freap of the latter half of the sixties, selecting simply examples. (This article does not mean to survey the world's underground Press.)

THE STONE

In four short years — from the prophet-of-a-new-age to the embodiment of the hip capitalist rip-off bullshit counter-revolutionary hype (etc. etc.) . . . but Rolling Stone has never made much noise about being in the vanguard.

The Stone's offices in San Francisco are the third floor of a tastefully officified warehouse, where raw-wood beams, scrubbed wood furniture and potted plants have given way to silver-foil wallpaper and IBM computer cards for the 40,000 subscriptions.

What began as a low-budget, high quality tabloid rock 'n' roll newspaper for the Bay Area (of San Francisco) has become the world's largest circulation music paper . . . passing mid flight through several sporadic attempts at "covering the counter-culture". In the definitive attack (in the LA Free Press) on the paper, editor Jann Wenner was accused of chasing sales with politics, quoting former managing editor John Burkes. Burkes himself used to work on Newsweek and has lately been trying to get together an "underground Newsweek" to be called Flash. Burkes himself was largely the force behind the big Pitiful Helpless Giant issue of Rolling Stone, subtitled Our America 1970 . . . but Burkes disappeared in the 1970 cost-cutting spree at the Stone, so Wenner remains the target — and the major force in shaping Stone policy.

The critique of Rolling Stone centers on several

issues; the editorial policy which concentrates on big-names (both as authors and subjects of articles), the staff structure (hierarchical rather than communal); and the ownership/financing of the company (Straight Arrow Publishers). Most of the criticism comes from within either the music "industry" or hip-journalism circles, which is not surprising since there are few people outside these areas who would have access to inside information on the magazine.

Editorially the Stone has chosen to aim at high circulation through a policy of choosing popular writers and popular issues (which is to say, big-names). What has not been established is any conscious policy amongst staff or "management" - as such a separation does not exist to mold editorial to suit advertisers or other interests than readers or staff itself. While there would be little trouble in uncovering numerous instances of "politically" motivated editorial decisions in the Stone, the major problem of its editorial in 1971 seems to be the editors' dilemma at defining what the 250,000 buyers want to read, now that rock is no longer the center of the universe. The counter culture has lost its edge in the face of Marin County shoutouts, the annihilation-program against Black Panthers, the ultimate irrelevancy of the upcoming presidential elections, and the growing concern for localised communal activity. . . . The question is whether there is "still a market for" a newsmagazine that covers events and people "in the arts" that the others (Time, Newsweek) don't - or at least covers them in a less perverse way.

The achievement of Rolling Stone so far is to establish itself as just this sort of newsmagazine for the hip under-30s, with the rock remaining the central reference point. Those who decry this achievement are commenting on the mainstream of rock itself (which is another story).

The management-staff syndrome is well established at both the head-office (San Francisco) and the New York office. Their Los Angeles and London offices are small enough or far enough away from the bosses to operate more on their own terms. In early 1970 when he wrote *Playpower* Richard Neville claimed Jann Wenner was taking \$200 a week salary ("plus overseas travelling expenses"), and none of the other staff received less than \$100/week. By now wages would be well up on 1970. Whatever the point of this "how much do they earn" game, the fact that the company is operated on much the same lines as any straight publishing concern means that staff is selected, or pre-selects itself, in terms of financial rewards that are "suitable" to all these considerations.

Once again, this simply leads to the conclusion that Rolling Stone is a conventional newsmagazine with an unconventional editorial line (advertisers other than record companies, stereo manufacturers and Levis still resist the lure of half a million readers because the paper is too way out!)

The ownership of Straight Arrow Publishers Inc. has changed regularly over the four years of its existence as more and more money has been solicited to develop

the magazine and lately, the book publishing side of the operation. While the Wenner family still owns at least half the show, other shareholders include interested corporations and rich middle-aged liberals. While I am not aware exactly who these people are, the very nature of their money means they undoubtedly have - or have had - connections in overtly exploitive businesses. For those to whom the organisation is what counts, the conclusion will inevitably be that Rolling Stone is no milestone in the struggle to eliminate capitalism and its myriad socio-economic and political implications. (Abbie Hoffman and J.B. Weberman have ripped off the files of the New York RS offices and plan to release reprints of letters and "media kits" that are used to con advertisers into the magazine. . . . presumably they think they should be more honest to the business world.)

For all this insight into the inner operations of "one of the underground's most sensationally successful media adventures" (Neville), there remains the fact that hundreds of thousands of college kids and music freaks regard the finished product as the most readable fare their side of the generation gap. It is not uncommon in California to sit in a freak lounge listening to a round-table bad-mouthing of the Stone while listening to a \$600 stereo and sitting on the collected volumes of the very magazine everyone's putting down.

THE BARB

One of America's first underground newspapers, the Berkeley Barb was started single-handedly by ex-beatnik Max Scheer. After establishing Berkeley's first underground bar/coffee lounge, Max got it into his head to run a newspaper that would serve news, information and services to the growing community of dissidents, anti-Vietnam war students, artists and freaks that grew up in the university town. He wrote, typeset, made-up and paid for the first issue himself, then realised he had no means of distributing it. He took a bundle under one arm and walked the streets of Berkeley and San Francisco stopping everyone he met and explaining what it was he was selling! That issue sold over 5000.

Having established an editorial policy of rough uncompromising political radicalism, coupled with a few freak versions of tried-and-tested newspaper services (classified ads and a medical advice column - Dr Hippocrates), the Barb flourished till July '69 when the staff and Max clashed over money.

The issue was simple - Max was taking too much of the cop. After a series of public hassles the staff went down the road apiece and started their own Berkeley Tribe. Max had a heart attack, and finally returned to keep the Barb coming. But his troubles are not over, as his policy of accepting any ads that pay has led to the Barb becoming one quarter a sex rag, with pages and pages of small classifieds for people and organisations on every conceivable sex trip, most of them old-fashioned male chauvinist sado-masochism (e.g. OVERSEXED (WHITE) FEMALE NEEDS willing and able male. Need detailed letter. P.O. Box 19294 Sacramento)

For this the Barb sells most of its copies to uptight businessmen and tourists in downtown San Francisco, the other buyers being local gays (they run regular gay-news items) and those politicians who don't mind the ads the shitty lay-out, or the fact that a high percentage of lead features are direct reprints from east coast and overseas freaps.

In fact, for those of us isolated from the U.S. news-media (straight or otherwise), the Barb is an excellent collection of significant news, documents and otherwise unavailable gossip. Max Scheer has got it down to a simple process of reporting the big stuff and paying his small staff with the proceeds of the 30,000 sales and the ads... it's almost an underground Truth, or Sunday Mirror.

If we could afford an air-mail subscription, it would become the main source of U.S. news for High Times.

OZ (London version)

Since its inception in 1966, London Oz has gone through as many editorial changes as it has staff, beginning with the same satirical formula that had worked in Sydney and reaching a cautious revolutionary tone in the wake of the recent attempt to kill it by British pigs (of various occupations, from cops to chief justices).

In its structure Oz has always centered around Richard Neville, with an ever-changing list of contributors, guest editors and helpers. The standard of editorial has in fact been consistently high in the sense that articles usually represent a genuinely original, or at least non-establishment viewpoint, artwork is often incredibly powerful, and the layouts always exciting (and often unreadable because of it).

The only things that remain constant about Oz are its name, its office address (which changes when they're busted), its price, the average size and volume of content and the consistently iconoclastic feel of the thing.

Whilst most magazines start off with a clear idea of their purpose and their method, Oz has been a veritable straw in the winds of radical change. When Neville flew home to Sydney last year, he invited freaps from every country he passed through to contribute a page or three to an Oz-on-the-road issue, with no pre-requisites on the content other than that they be designed to the Oz page size. Two issues before that Oz had announced that the next issue could be edited by anyone who called at the offices, so long as they were under 18. This of course led to the now celebrated Schoolkids Issue for which Neville and his fellow shareholders were busted for corrupting minors — not because minors had in fact edited the issue but because what they produced was supposed to deprave and corrupt them and their fellow minors!

There is a mistaken impression here that the acquittal of the Oz trio was a victory for the freedom of the press — in fact they were let off on a technicality and England's chief justice made it law that a magazine or any other public forum can be busted if any part of it is judged obscene, where it had previously been incumbent on the prosecution to show that the whole thing was obscene.

Oz continues — fractionally more cautious and still in the hands of those who drift into the Neville Anderson-Dennis social circle — while Neville is writing a regular "political column" for the mass-circulation Evening Standard. If you read the transcript of the Oz trial (and there'll be books full of it soon), you'll see the never-failing belief Neville has in the power of reason, even logic, to convince judge, jury and hostile public alike that the new generation is grappling with a new humanity, rather than a sordid depravity. His ten years in the business have not undermined his belief in the peaceful changeability of the Englishman... I suspect this reflects the strength of fifties Sydney-public-school and university education, based as it no doubt was on the twin assumptions of England's primary role in pro-



ducing western culture, and more folklorically, London's pivotal position in the world of artistes and thinkers.

While most radical magazines choke on their own conclusions and pass beyond their time, Oz continues to be many magazines for successive eras. It is, fundamentally, not a vehicle for a program of change, but a repository for the changing ideas of an unstable sub-culture . . . for this reason alone Oz could be the one magazine that pained the arses of the sixties establishment to keep on paining them in the seventies.

FRIENDS (now called FRENZ)

One of London's three tabloid freak newspapers (the other are IT and Ink, if they're still going).

Friends grew out of Rolling Stone's first attempt to take in the English market. Jann Wenner did a deal with Mick Jagger whereby negatives of the SF Stone were flown to London where a local staff added English news, and Jagger financed its printing. The plan fell through when the London staff grew further and further from the official policy, and Wenner and Jagger withdrew their support. Out of the ashes grew Friends, similar in appearance but entirely local, and the new English Rolling Stone which differs from the U.S. one only in advertising content.

Friends was a magazine that had an intense staff togetherness, obviously boosted by the "exile" nature of their beginnings. Their offices in Portobello Road had that ultra-casual lay-about feel. The staff was a tight-knit group prone to self-consciously propagandising their openness to outsiders — to "the people". (This syndrome had its day with Revolution in Australia, and continues to flow sickly sweet through the pages of Daily Planet.)

In fact the folks at Friends were exceptionally amiable, and spent a good part of every day smoking endless joints and doing fuck-all . . . it fell on three or four people to get the thing out (including "our own" Pete Steedman who spent several weeks expostulating, castigating, and occasionally giving in to the euphoria before he split to re-appear in the same guise at Oz and later at Ink . . . unfortunately for Pete London's run out of underground papers).

In the London offices of Rolling Stone last month there was a chance gathering of freaks who had all worked on different papers — one from Rolling Stone, one photographer who had worked on several American freaks, one from Friends and myself (Lot's Wife, Go-Set, Revolution, High Times). We identified the stages of "development" common to all these papers. The first phase was the initial enthusiastic launching that centered as much on the group of people involved as on the ideology or "purpose" of the paper. The energy generated within those groups was such that the end-product was inevitably as much an expression of the group, and more particularly of the attempt at establishing relationships among people within the group, as it was a document for public consumption.

The second stage is the critical one, in that the looseness, the lack of concern for the harsh realities of

delegated responsibility, and ultimately the ability of the group to produce a workable means of handling the money has to be reckoned with. The paper becomes an imperative imposing itself on the group and the dynamics of deadlines, debtors, creditors and the outside world generally. Instead of a group of people, each one proceeding to do whatever he or she does best, people are replaced by roles, and new people are chosen by their ability to fulfil those roles, rather than by their compatibility within the social group.

Some magazines never get through this stage, some resist it and survive by eventually forming around a different group, some go through it and become relatively efficient highly-structured businesses. There are probably thousands of magazines that suffer the first of these fates (Melbourne's Source was a recent example), there are a few that fit the second description — London Oz is one, High Times (nee Revolution) and Frenz (nee Friends) are others. Rolling Stone and (so far) Go-Set come under the third category.

Friends finally succumbed to the pressures of hopelessly inefficient finances and the even harsher pressures of the London vice squad, but was reborn under the title Frenz, with a completely new group of workers and a predictably different editorial "feel".

THE AUSTRALIAN STUDENT PAPERS

In Australia there has been a surprisingly active alternative press for most of the sixties and more still so far this decade.

The university and tech student papers, which are financed by student unions or representative councils from compulsory fees, have struggled off and on to provide genuinely radical news and views. They have increasingly attracted the active fringe of the arts faculties, which very often means radicals. The boom hit in the mid-sixties when the revival of political consciousness came in the wake of the cold war repressiveness of the fifties, and a bevy of new universities opened across the nation.

Tharunka (at UNSW) and Lot's Wife (at Monash) particularly created a lot of the initial furor.

The incredible trial of the Sydney Oz, in which Neville, Martin Sharp and Richard Walsh were sentenced to six months' hard labor for obscenity (things like a headline that read "Get Foked" etc.) brought the issues of sex and censorship firmly to the forefront of the battle to drag the country out of the Victorian age. Lot's Wife ran a special issue called Loz Wife, but steered a careful course inside the law.

In fact, apart from Oz which was tame satire by today's reckoning, none of the papers that were in the hands of young independent radicals (or liberals) shook off the absurdly pompous mantle of "editorial responsibility" till the American underground press began to filter through customs and, along with dope and the Vietnam disaster, blew minds in all directions. Every university paper now reprints from the world's freak, always without permission but mostly with a

credit. The recent acquittal of Lot's Wife on an obscenity bust (for the Freak Brothers) made it clear that Victorian magistrates classify student press separately from papers selling to "the public". In New South Wales there has been a similar differentiation between Tharunka (the "official UNSW paper) and Thorunka (or Thor) which is entirely "underground" in that it never acknowledges its staff, publisher or printer. Thor may be the most underground underground paper in the "free world".

THOR or THORUNKA

As it is wholly outside the law, Thor has had to be printed with the cooperation of the Sydney underworld who control the pornography racket in that state. Cloak and dagger images of plates being delivered to go-betweens with money in plain envelopes and rendezvous in parks at night to collect the printed copies are close to the true story. Once printed the papers are sold on the streets, or usually around the bars of Sydney pubs, with vendors attempting to keep one bar ahead of the cops. UNSW tutor Wendy Bacon has been charged on over forty counts of selling Thor, and has spent a few radicalising nights in jail in the continuing battle with chief secretary Willis.

Thor's editorial policy is specifically directed at sexual repression (not just censorship), and it pushes relentlessly for the sexual revolution more or less on the Reichian premise that sexual liberation is the essential first step toward social, political and economic liberation. The generalised liberation of consciousness that dope smoking and acid-dropping promotes has added dope to sex as the pivots of Thor philosophy.

REVOLUTION/HIGH TIMES

Revolution was launched in May 1970 as a more-or-less conscious extension of a supplement that had

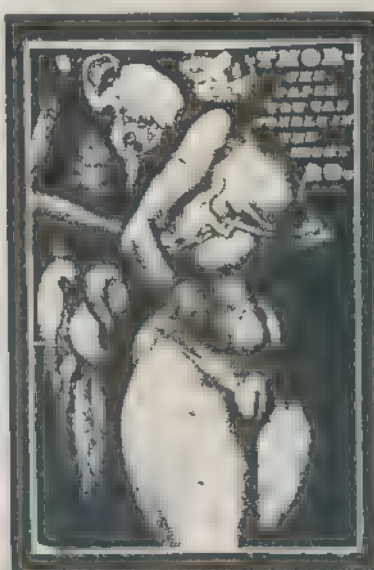
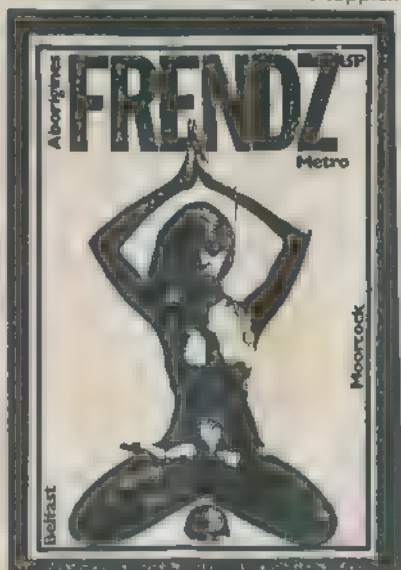
been recently introduced into Go-Set — called Core. The rock sub-cult had extended itself beyond the stage where the concern was for a plastic replica of the people who made the music (pin-up journalism). Not only had social consciousness rock lyrics led to a wide-spread awareness and concern for things more directly related to the world's problems (the ecology boom etc.) but the music itself had ventured into areas that no Australian magazine adequately covered (least of all Go-Set, except for Core).

From the gauche first issue Revolution suffered from the confusion between exploring virgin territory of experience and intellect, and simply attempting to "cover" a new market that had arisen since the initial readers of Go-Set had become post-adolescent and thoroughly alienated by the trivia that helped boost Go-Set to a readership of perhaps 400,000 a week. Herein, I suggest, lies the one useful differentiation between "commercial" and non-commercial enterprise. It is a question of motive — is the product an outcome of a belief held by the people who produce it, or is it motivated by something ulterior to its apparent *raison d'être*?

It was never clear, either in the minds of those of us who were attempting to make the magazine a viable financial proposition, or in the minds of "outside" contributors and readers, which was the case with Revolution.

The magazine came out until the middle of this year when it was separated financially and in every other way from Go-Set. (This was when the name changed to High Times.)

Revolution suffered from its incompatibility with its bedfellow, Go-Set. The structures set up for Go-Set were formalised . . . and formalised Go-Set is a mass circulation pop paper, unique as far as I know in its lack of "professional" policy-making and the resultant combination of sales-motivated features like color posters, and of an iconoclastic tone and occasionally radical



features. But it had been through stage two of the newspaper development process (outlined above) and thus inhibited Revolution from ever making it into stage one! There is much to be gained by looking back through the past issues of Revolution — however uncomfortably it rested in the Go-Set womb it published some exceptional material (from Rob Smyth's Byrds review through to the complete text of Castro's Cuban anniversary speech) and was, at times, brilliantly designed by Ian McCausland and Geoff Pendlebury

High Times, financed by Macy McFarland, Colin James and myself, has consciously avoided imposed systems of operation or of editorial control, attempting to allow a free-flowing involvement by anyone who can connect with what was in previous issues

DAILY PLANET

While Revolution nestled none too happily within Go-Set, Daily Planet has battled to break loose from its association with the Melbourne rock agency Con Rock. It has consistently functioned as a cathartic outlet for the Con Rock groups, and has as before-mentioned been plagued with a selfconsciously popularist tone — almost apologising for its very existence and openly wrestling with the inevitability of its money. It has given a strong impression that its workers feel a nagging alienation from its readers — and here is the dilemma that is the end point of the underground press.

A MAGAZINE FOR THE SEVENTIES

The freap grew throughout the western world in the mid-sixties in response to the need for a medium of communication more suited to the needs of aware people. The beauty of it was its receptiveness to its audience, in fact most papers grew out of groups of untrained people searching for a means of communicating, rather than for ulterior benefits.

Offset print, which makes photographs and graphic design immeasurably easier and cheaper, attracted artists and photographers, thereby adding new dimensions of immediacy and graphic design to the otherwise static print medium. This was a unique form of communication for a unique sub-culture — a sub-culture that related to others on a far more personal, intimate level.

Not only was the medium the best available for those who were rejecting the prevailing impersonal style of interaction, the process of contributing toward these papers was an all-involving experience for many who worked on them. . . the freap newspapers and magazines were themselves focal points for the first cautious interchanges amongst society's dropouts. For this reason most papers had a short life-expectancy and that was precisely what kept the culture on the move. The coming and going of freap newspapers was a positive and essential factor in development.

This development has been toward opening up more areas in which intimate inter-personal contact is

possible, toward total-involvement living (in communes etc.) and toward a broadened interest in all means of communication. It is now obvious that every medium can be made "real" if it's handled correctly, that is, as differently as the freap handled the print medium

Magazines are limited — to the written word and the visual experience. It is impossible to attack the senses or the personalities of the people with whom you are communicating, except through the depersonalised medium of distributing and selling the magazine more or less unseen. Thus the inevitable sense of isolation from the readership and the value every freap places on letters and comment.

It seems to me the best function a paper can perform, those functions that are not better covered by other media, are: the simple conveyance of information, whether it's "news" or reference material, the presentation of the graphic artist's work, and providing the vehicle for ideas that can be expressed in words (be they poems or heavy tracts like this one's turning out to be)

The most viable way for the group that produces the paper to relate seems to be as a very loose coalition of people of like-ideas, an ever-changing group. We at High Times keep the financial records of each issue separate and intend to divide the profit (if any) equally among those who contributed to that issue . . . in fact, profit-sharing is likely to be the least of a freap's problems!

The seventies' magazine might follow this pattern (we'll tell you in two years' time) and it seems likely that the growing trend for freap newspapers to center on small communities and their affairs, rather than national or international issues, will continue. The community newspaper (which in a sense is what the student press is) is already beginning in Melbourne with the Melbourne Times, and I'm sure elsewhere too.

Meanwhile the growing realisation that print is not the only available medium has introduced the concepts of local freak film cooperatives, small-group videotape "magazines" (like the Videofreaks of New York), communes in which the group contributes toward a group communication (like handicrafts, news-sheets — a vegetable garden) . . . and the warehouse-workshop idea

To me every one of these group-centered activities is directly analogous to a magazine, except that the inherent limitations are different for each medium. Sydney's Yellow House is one example I saw close up last month

The Yellow House was launched last year as an art gallery, featuring Martin Sharp's incredible shrinking exhibition. The building was a three-storey terrace house in Kings Cross and the concept was modelled on Van Gogh's yellow house where outside patronage financed a combined workshop-gallery for artists.

The Yellow House (chapter one) dissolved three months ago for much the same reasons as did Van Gogh's — the dilemmas of rejecting the value-system of

money and still trying to make it, and to share it equitably; the clashes of purpose, interest and ability within the group.

Yellow House chapter two opened mid November now expanded into two huge terraces, with the whole lot (almost) open to the public (there are five living there, so some rooms are locked). Each room is given over to a different pursuit by a different artist... or a whole floor might be an exhibition, another large room is a movie theatre.

It is a magazine of the seventies, with three-dimensional spaces (rooms) for pages, with multi-media exhibits that involve the visitor on a multi-sensual level, and with constantly changing events and displays—

like regular issues of a magazine that dissolve into each other rather than hitting newsstands on a specified day each week or month. And the problems, the quest for a workable means of relating to finances and the constant battles with the so-called authorities, are all too familiar.

But finally there is a limitation on all these magazine media. The desire to involve others in whatever is absorbing the group's minds will remain frustrated until the audience becomes the group, and no-one has to play voyeur.

For that you need the zeit geist machine.

Phillip Frazer.

eco·xmas

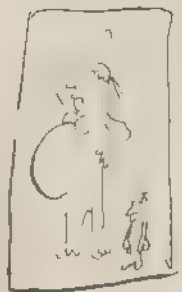
IN ORDER TO ASSURE THAT NOT ONLY THIS CHRISTMAS BUT YOUR CHILDREN'S CHRISTMASES ARE NOT 'THAT UNWANTED SILENT NIGHT ON A CHRISTMAS YET TO COME' PUT A LITTLE ECOLOGY INTO YOUR CHRISTMAS.

1. Do not kill a Christmas tree, buy a live tree so that you may replant it in the spring.
2. Use only biodegradable decorations on your tree and in your home, biscuits, fruits, popcorn, yarn can be more pleasing than nylon, plastic, aluminum trees, decorations and tinsel.
3. If you use electric lights on your tree be sure and pull the plug and use no excess electricity. Candles can be a much more romantic and lovely substitute.
4. Buy no presents that require electricity or batteries.
5. Buy only presents that are biodegradable. No glass, plastic, metal, synthetics etc. you might consider making or purchasing only consumable or otherwise useful gifts.
6. Leave all the excess packaging on your Christmas purchases at the store. Tell them why you are doing it and ask them to return the wastes to the manufacturer.
7. Do all your Christmas shopping in car pools.
8. Shop only during daylight hours and ask your friends to

do the same. If enough people will shop during the daytime, it will be economically unsound for the stores to remain open at night. If they don't open great electrical power savings will result in less air and water pollution throughout the countryside.

9. Use no plastic or scotch tape when wrapping packages. That way neither the tape nor its metal or plastic dispenser will be left on our earth for years to come.
10. Stay home this year. Do not add your car's exhaust fumes to the Christmas atmosphere.
11. Save and reuse all package wrappings and ribbons OR you might use no paper wrappings at all. You can wrap gifts with usable items such as tea towels, or put attractive yard goods around reusable containers.
12. If you give a party use no paper plates or any disposable items, buy your liquor by the keg or in returnable bottles only...or better yet, brew your own.
13. Send Christmas cards without envelopes or send no cards at all. Do everything you can not to add to the waste paper problem.

High Times

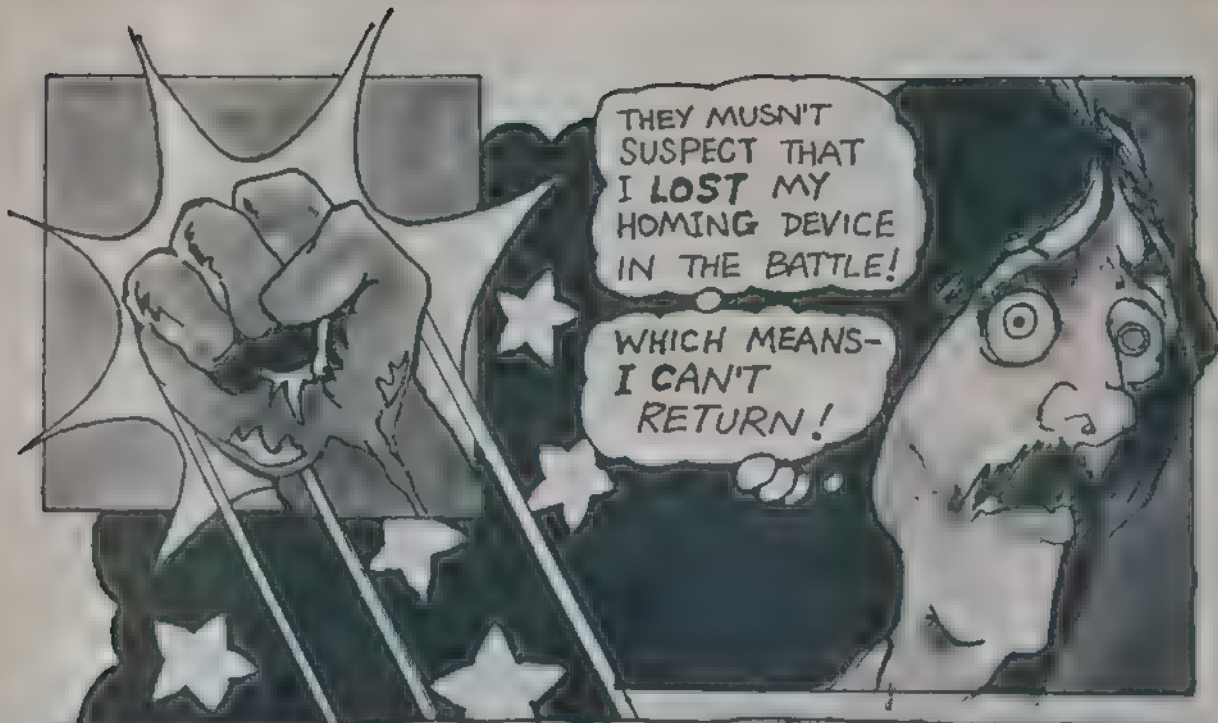


O.K. folks — this is who gave it to you: Phillip Frazer, Macy McFarland, Jim Hart, Tessa, Pat Woolley, John Clark, Garrie Hutchinson, Colin James, Kate Veitch, Peter Andrew, Ray Strong, Chris Hector

Illustrations by Chris Grouse, Ernie Althoff, Mark Delaney, Bob Daly, Gail & Garry, Phil & Tessa









WOW,
THAT
COFFEE
IS REALY
HEAVY
SHIT!!!



FAR OUT
COMEDY

INSANE
COLOURS

WOW- THAT WAS
JUST THE
COMMERCIAL,
MAN.....WAIT'L
THE MOVIE STARTS!



12-2-85 / 10 / 10 / 10

when you see a ufo

SMILE



UFOs are



FARTHER THAN THE SUN

by Rob Greaves

Whenever a UFO appears, the obvious thought which must come to the observer is, who are conducting these vehicles? Considering the probable existence of anti-gravity machinery — UFOs which are sighted have as a specific behavior trait their soundless hovering about the spot of their interest — and the possession of interstellar drive — the latter proposition does then exclude those who think that UFOs have their origin in our solar system, notably Venus, Mars or the moons of Jupiter — another obvious conclusion is that there exists a civilisation which is, at least technically, superior to ours.

Continuing this train of thought and taking into account the fact that there have not been any violent actions reported from UFOs, neither during observation from a distance in the sky nor at asserted confrontations with aliens, another conclusion which might be drawn from this is that those visitors do not have any aggressive intentions. (Some people maintain the idea of spying — UFOs gathering information for the big attack, but what follows in this article will show that the century-long period of observation and visiting does not support this rather negative approach of the UFO's aspect.)

In fact they, the aliens, are reported to avoid any display of power and to withdraw rapidly when a weapon is aimed at them. But studying the problem of UFOs and ETIs is not limited to up-to-date sightings of UFOs only.

The history of mankind provides the profound investigator with a series of events and recordings which are sometimes pointing so clearly to visits of UFOs combined with actual confrontation of mankind with its occupants that one is astonished that these happenings have not been interpreted and recognised more widely in their true sense. Almost every ancient culture does have some record of visits and a lot of them have strong indications even in their epics, of relations with beings from other planets or solar systems.

The Japanese believe that their ancestors are people who came from the sun and their emperors had the honorary

title of sons of the sky. The Chinese are even more detailed in their traditions and mention the fact that their ancestors arrived on earth on the back of fiery dragons. How easily a cigar-shaped object with a glowing stream of particles to break its speed fits into the description of a fiery dragon.

The Egyptians have records which cannot be taken for anything else but descriptions and reports about flying saucers. Quoting the Annals of Thutmose III written around 1500 BC: "They shone more in the sky than the brightness of the sun and extended to the limits of the four supports of the heavens. Powerful was the position of the firecircles. The army of the Pharaoh looked on with him in their midst. It was after supper and the fire circles ascended higher in the sky toward the south".

Also ancient India seems to have known the existence of space ships as might be deduced from the following quotation from the Ramayana, a Hindu classic: "The Puspaka Car, that resembles the sun and belongs to my brother, was brought by the powerful Ravan that aerial and excellent car, going everywhere at will, is ready for thee. That Car resembling a bright cloud in the sky is in the city of Lanka".

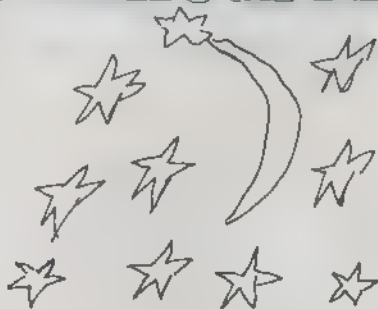
The Roman historian Julius Obsequens has reported various sightings of UFOs like the one near Tarquinia north of Rome in 100 BC: "At sunset a circular object like a shield was seen to sweep across the sky from West to East..." and another report in 90 BC: "A globe of fire, at sunrise, appeared in the sky with terrific noise and burning, over the town of Spoletum, Umbria. This globe, golden in color, fell to earth from the sky and was seen to gyrate..."

And mentioning all these recordings in ancient or less ancient scriptures we cannot forget the Bible which contains so many descriptions of "fiery chariots" and "clouds of fire" with something glittering like metal inside. Unmistakably a UFO sighting is the account which Ezekiel gives in his first chapter as well as in the fourth and the tenth of his book. They can be taken for the finest descriptions in the Bible of spacecrafts landing and of their occupants.

As Ezekiel lived in an age in which any mechanical device was unknown he had to express himself with the aid of things he was familiar with, like horses, birds and chariots. Quoting from the first chapter: "And I looked, and behold a whirlwind came out of the sky, a great cloud, and a fire enfolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the color of amber, out of the midst of the fire..."

But humanity seems to make a special vice of it. The closed eyes to indications like the abovementioned, and the burnings on the past for heresy and the ridiculing of open-minded people nowadays show us that there appears to be a need for a phenomenon (in the frame of UFO sightings) which will convince us of the existence of UFOs and ETIs in the past, and the present.

...unhealthy



SUPERSTAR AND THE FLYING SAUCERS

by Alan Spencer

Meher Baba lives

Jesus saves

Extra-terrestrial are watching

Great! When we finally contaminate our planet to the extinction of all life we will be safe and secure in Nirvana or Heaven or Alpha Centauri, or whatever paradise your particular bag promises.

Instead of facing the very real danger that confronts us, many turn to superstition and fantasy in reaction to despair.

If 10% of the prophecies of Erlich, Picard, Commoner et al is justified, the survival of our species — of all species — is dependent on our immediate action.

Roll up your prayer mat, put away your binoculars, reality needs you.

There is no God

No Cosmic Cavalry

No Happy Hunting Grounds

No Eternal Reward

Many people I dearly love may feel thoroughly alienated and offended by these assertions. This is not my intent. My conviction is that these mythologies distract from real problems.

If you feel mankind needs a guiding belief in something believe in mankind

I am not preoccupied with the physical at the expense of the spiritual. Mark this: physical is all there is. You may not perceive it as such, but your mind is an electrochemical process inseparable from the rest of your body. Your mind ceases to exist as an entity when your life ends; to believe otherwise is a sad delusion.

I won't debate the existence of God here, to do so is an exercise in the absurd. I find the concept of Christ dying for my sins twisted and horrid. I have not the time to spare for eastern disciplines pushing simulated catatonia.

Meher Baba says "Be happy"

Jesus says "Love each other"

The message is beautiful, the medium is unimportant.

Do you really need a cult-figure to direct your attentions toward life?

Do you really see leaving your planet as desirable? Would not a passionate desire to see this globe endure, your race survive, serve you better?

You are bound to this planet; you cannot live beyond it unless mechanical imitations of its environments accompany you. Every atom of your body is part of this world, its primeval oceans flow through your veins, the earth nourishes you and your ultimate destiny is to nourish the earth.

UFO freaks may by now be insulted at being categorised with the Jesus freaks. After all, we know interplanetary travel is feasible and some form of life elsewhere in the universe likely.

Granted.

Perhaps you insist that 'flying saucers' are evidence of impending salvation. What marvellous optimism!

But consider: to what degree do UFOs figure in your fantasy life? How many parallels could you find with our more ancient mythologies? Messiah, The True Way, Apocalypse, Armageddon, The Chosen Few, and even Life Everlasting?

We are all familiar with the various 'Chariot of the Gods' theories, but if you take this bullshit halfway seriously let me suggest that next time you trip do so in the country and ponder your relationship with all the living things about you. You will see your place in nature too clearly to assume you are not entirely a child of this earth.

There is no evidence of any other planets outside our solar system; probability indicates their existence but we have no means of detecting them

A theoretical advanced civilisation would, it seems to me, have a moral imperative of non-interference with other life forms.

Suppose this race of super-beings were so advanced as to bridge the 400 light years between us and the nearest possible site of another planet. It would follow that, no matter how enlightened you consider you are, the intellectual gulf would be as your intelligence is to an ant. (Would you seriously try to converse with an ant? take sides in an ant war? kill all the ant-eaters?)

Given this distance of 400 light years, any vehicle traveling that far would take well over a thousand years of our time to make a return trip. Many sci-fi fans have the idea that the speed of light is not a barrier; that as science progresses new discoveries will produce such phenomena as 'space warps' that allow one to whip from one side of a galaxy to the other for the weekend. This is only a fictional device. A chat with your friendly neighborhood physicist will set you straight.

It would seem more likely that any visitations from our far neighbors would be 'un-manned' scientific probes. Personally I have never seen any UFOs and I often look. An examination of the evidence available and an awareness of our fallibility as witnesses leaves me unconvinced of their presence.

Come back to Earth.

Without a doubt, if life is to endure, if nature is to be restored to harmony, we need a saviour

That saviour is YOU.



Grace and China

records

For Jefferson Airplane 1971 is six years since their first gig and it's been like the cover of their latest album

It's also been a period of revolution with the "r" thinly masked out so the original word is still clear

They have their own label now - the Grunt label - and it's big business all around, with a sub label called Snort being considered, and pushing the Airplane into another new era.

There's six in the group now, Jorma, Cassidy, Grace and Paul, Fiddling Papa John Creach, and surfer boy drummer Joey, who brought Papa Joe in

Marty Balin the founder is gone Bill Thompson, the former roadie and

and press hustler is manager of the new business dream, Signe Toly Anderson, their first chick singer is in Oregon with a baby boy and Grace and Paul live with their child on the coast with their swimming pool, closed circuit T.V.s and geodesic domes. (Tear down what walls? Mother what?)

Thompson talks about evolution "Music is changing peoples consciousness, and they learn from it. For one thing, they've learnt that you can't change people by beating them over the head - you try, it fails, you move to something else."

"Well music; music's still the thing."

If that's not really clear, it's not that the Airplane have ever been really clear. Balin, who urged that walls be used to back motherfuckers up against also sang "Go-ride the music"

Paul, in the new album, *Bark*, continues his wishful singing into the univ-

ersal netherlands, Grace is warding off pigs (*Law man I'm afraid you just walked in here at the wrong time/ my old man's gun has never been fired but there's always a first time*).

Jorma is looking forward to the next *Hot Tuna* album more than most other things. *Hot Tuna* was born out of the yawning gaps in the Airplane schedule. (eg. 5 - 9 months between albums) Well shit, Jorma plays every night and Jack Cassidy plays even more than that so lead and bass began playing under their own names in the first *Hot Tuna*.

"I'd been thinking about *Hot Tuna* for a long time," says Jorma. "There's the kind of music I had in mind and the Airplane just didn't play that music."

Jack and Jorma played together in high school, doing Rick Nelson hits. Before that Jorma didn't play no rock and roll, his music came from 'spade radio stations'.

Paul Kanter, father and head of household is writing about beach and babies now - "There's a song called Sun Fighter on our next album, (Grace and Paul's, as in keeping with trends all Airplane members are doing solo albums), about all the shit that's gone down on the beach, oil spills and everything"

Grace is back to slim, trim and healthy, she even wrote a song about it on *Bark* called Never Argue with a German if You're Tired or European Song. On the lyric sheet it looks like a laugh with the German spelt out phonetically (sticken in mine haken/ sticken in mine haut....)

But Grace explains, "I don't know any German, so I got all the lyrics from people in the street. If I heard anyone talking German I'd go up and say, "Hey can you help me I'm writing a song"

What she said was "*Stiches in my crotch/ stiches in my face/ mixing my spit with my gas/ don't argue with a German. My automobile goes real fast/ but it crashes into walls.*" (Baby and car crash are the things she's just got over/ or into)

Forty minutes down the beach a Grunt staffer gets a message that *Bark* looks like a world chart buster. R.C.A.'s sending out press releases about gold records - so has anything changed?

Sure Grunt records is Airplanes own label, and R.C.A. is only manufacturer and distributor....

Colin James

FRANK'S DIRTY SONG

WHAT KIND OF GIRLS DO YOU THINK WE ARE?

Being the words (lyrics?) to the song (number?) of the same name, of the 'Mothers – Fillmore East, June 1971' live album

All words are attributed to Frank Zappa, music and dialogue is by the Mothers collectively.

We present this important sociological phenomenon because it's such an important sociological phenomenon.

You can buy your copy at your local import shop.

Tell me something, I mean seriously. You know this is the first time that any of my girlfriends and me have met anyone really from Hollywood. Me and my girlfriends, Jim, Ian, Ainslie, Bob and Jack never met a pop star from Hollywood. Tell me, do you know David Jones, Bobby Sherman, David Cassidy . . . A . . . David Cassidy is so . . . Oh I love them, they are my favorite band. Oh God. Do you like my new car? My dad gave it to me for graduation.

Oh yea, Fillmore isn't it? Real futuristic, I really dig the fins. Listen do you know how to get to the Holiday Inn from here?

No, which one is that?

The one by the airport. We got to get up early and fly out of here in the morning

Oh, I didn't know that. Where do you guys play tomorrow night. Maybe in your bus.

(Aside): Yea, come in the bus ha!

Tomorrow we're in Tierra del Fuego

Oh you're so professional, Howie, the way you get to play in all these exotic places. Tell me something, tell me and all my girlfriends . . . do you REALLY have a hit record on the charts now with a bullet? Yeh, that's really important.

Listen honey, would I lie to you to get into your pants?

Hey listen . . . WE'RE NOT GROUPIES! We're not groupies . . . understand? I told Robert Planet, Elton John and all those big guys, we're not groupies. Roger Daltry never laid a hand on me.

(Aside): Obvious to see why.

Tell him how . . .

. . . We only like musicians for friends.

. . . Real straight arrow, Howie.

. . . Just friends Howie but we still like you and we wouldn't mind coming in your bus.

. . . We'd still like to hear your record.

Listen chicks, didn't you just say that you got off being duped with a baby octopus, and spewed upon with cream corn and that your hair-lipped dyke old bass-

playing girlfriend in the backseat had to have it with a YooHoo bottle or she went ape-shit?¹⁷

Howie listen, all that's TRUE. And sometimes I dig it with Doctor Brown's Cream Soda or CELERY. But we are not groupies, no matter what you think.

Listen there seems to be some kind of communications problem here because I'm just a lonely guy from out of town and I'm looking for some action, you know I want a steaming, succulent, ever widening, gooey, drippy, runny kinda hole that . . . that . . . how shall I put this, let's say we hop in the trunk of your Gremlin and get our rocks off!

Oh Jesus, Jesus, no matter what you say I'm still in the group . . . very agile, very agile

Listen it just so happens tonight me and my girlfriends, we come here for one thing – looking for a guy. We're looking for a guy in a group, but he's got to have a dick, and he's got to have a dick that's a monster . . .

Oh me . . . that's me . . . oh you voluptuous Manhattan Island Clit, take me I'm yours you hole. Fulfill my wildest dream

Anything for you my seductive, seclusive pop star of a man. Picture this if you can. B-jobs, knotted nylons, bamboo canes, three unreleased recordings of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young fighting in the dressing rooms at the Fillmore East. One enchalada wrapped in pickle sauce shoved up and down between a donkey's legs until he can't stand it anymore. All this and more including an electric cooled pony harness, with fuel injection.

Oh I can't stand it, I can't stand it I can't stand it, I mean do you understand the implications of what I'm saying, I can't stand it!

Give it to me right here. Give it to me in the trunk of your Gremlin, please give me the enchalada wrapped in pickle sauce shoved up and down a donkey's ass till he can't come anymore!

Not until you sing me your big hit record. The big hit record. And I want to hear it now. The hit record with the bullet, with the bullet, the bullet. It's the part that gets me the hottest. Now sing me that record and I want to hear it now or you ain't driving nowhere tonight buddy.

All right, I know when I'm licked . . . [all over]. OK, baby, bend over and spread 'em, here comes my BULLET

Those records, or part thereof, have found a home. Quite a few people described themselves as the best cause they could think of, which was probably quite true. The idea was, though, to provide an element of rock (or its facsimile) to someone who could share it for charitable purposes.

Jeff Simmons has taken some for his students at the Occupational Therapy Department at Janefield Training Centre

There are still more here. We are still giving them away. How about it –

When did you decide that you were not going to register?
 It was a few weeks before I was due to register in July '68, I was very uncertain all the time because there were only about twenty of that stage that had publicly refused to comply in any way. At that stage it was a question of going to a military prison. It wasn't even a civilian jail, I was also into my second year of architecture and I wanted to finish that, the policy of the government on prosecutions was very unclear I felt really unsure and the decision not to register came only after we decided that we did have some potential to force a repeal of the National Service Act. Even though my parents were opposed to the war and the National Service Act my mother was quite upset because it was going to interfere with my career. Everybody around me, even though they were opposed to conscription, didn't see non-registration as a thing to do to oppose the Act.

How long ago is it that you non-registered?
 July 1968 I didn't register, December of that year they prosecuted me for not registering. In September of the following Year, '69, they prosecuted me for not attending a medical — I got seven days gool for that, then I got a call-up notice to be inducted into the army in October of 1969; then there was another prosecution when I left the country illegally to go to Vietnam in July 1970, I was prosecuted for that and convicted — forty dollars fine — then early this year I was given what's known as a conscientious objectors referral notice. The Department of Labor and National Service attempted to initiate a C.O.'s hearing for me hoping that I'd

CONVERSATION WITH A DRAFT DODGER



AN INTERVIEW WITH TONY DALTON
 BY THE HIGH TIMES SUPER SCOOPER

cooperate and they'd be able to exempt me as a conscientious objector and so get rid of me as a threat to the Act. I didn't attend and that trial was sabotaged by the lawyer. Then I received a summons for failing to obey the call-up notice in June and on the 18th of June I went underground when I didn't attend that court case and since then we've reached the new stage. We've got a fairly active underground and we can sort of pop up — at our own choosing — and challenge the government on its conscription policies even though there's a warrant out for our arrest.

How many times since you went underground have you actually surfaced?

There have been three main confrontations. One at the June 30 Moratorium, four of us went on that march surrounded by thousands of supporters and we were able to go back to Melbourne Uni and slip away. The next one was at Melbourne Uni when we more or less turned the uni into an anti-conscription centre. The four of us took up residence, once again surrounded by many supporters from all parts of the anti-war movement and with the aid of the radio station 3DR we were able to once more very definitely challenge the government's conscription policies.

You had some trouble with some of your supporters?

Yeah, well people who support draft resistance come at it from many different political angles, we had three major debates, I guess as to how we were going to handle the situation. If the police broke into the union to get us what would happen? The four of us had a very specific plan for what to do if they came but there was also the situation of what the

mass of supporters would do; whether we'd actively resist the police with violence, initiating our own violence or whether we'd make passive resistance. What happened in the end was that it was just passive resistance, there was barricades which took the police fifteen minutes to scale before they came up to the floor where everybody had sat down and surrounded the George Paton room where the police thought we were. On the Wednesday night — we'd been going Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, on the Wednesday we decided that we could only go one more day because people had exams. We just couldn't impose upon them, so we decided that we had to finish on the Thursday regardless of what happened, so we decided to scale the situation down a bit by two of us leaving, so we drew straws to see which of us was

"Right you boys get the doors off"

If they'd gone up thru the lighting grill they'd probably have found the hole and found them.

I think it was the only hiding hole that wasn't discovered in the whole operation.

Your third surfacing operation has been since you acquired the services of Senator Ivor Greenwood as your public relations officer...

Well Ivor did quite a good job really. The whole thing was so lucky for us. Mike being interviewed turned it into a great big political debate with the media naturally asking us to participate because they were insensed at being told that they weren't to interview people such as us.

Perhaps at this stage in the interview you might like to

“If they'd gone up thru the lighting grill they'd probably have found the hole and found them.

I think it was the only hiding hole that wasn't discovered in the whole operation.”

leaving, John Scott and myself were taken out of the university building about seven o'clock on the Wednesday night, Mike Matteson and Mike Hamel-Green remained and no-one missed our presence at all.

They were there right through the raid — in a small secret hole that was behind the wall, they were there and they heard everything that the police said as they smashed up the George Paton Room, and one cop was heard to say “It's just like a search and destroy mission isn't it?”. They heard the cupboard doors being jammed open. At one stage a cop came in and said “What's up there?” pointing to the lighting grill, which was the access to the hole they were in. Just at that moment a superior came in and said,

express your thanks to the Attorney-General, I'm sure he will appreciate the difficulty you have in thanking him personally...

Yeah, yeah, I think that'd be quite appropriate, I only hope that he can oblige us again in the future — we'll certainly be raising the issue again, just when it will be is hard to say.

Of course there is the Dec. 3 Moratorium Anti-Conscription Campaign — which is quite a progression on past Moratoriums. It's got a sit-down outside the National Service Office. I don't think there's any way we'll be participating in this — it's not a very good tactical situation for us. We're going to be very sure to pick our grounds.

I think that once the new uni year begins we'll probably be

doing some sort of grand tour of the campuses, and hopefully be able to speak at other places at the same time. Unfortunately the universities seem to be the only place where we can come out in the open like before. I'm sure some trade unions would like to have us in their offices but tactically it would be hard for us to be safe there.

How many draft resisters are there?

There's lots of draft resisters. The critical thing is how far they are going to prosecute these draft resisters. The situation becomes dynamic when there is a warrant out for their arrest for eighteen months in prison, this is when we have some bargaining position.

But how many have actually refused to register?

According to National Service Department figures, thousands... something like about thirteen thousand. The draft resisters union has a list of about four hundred and fifty names, many have only refused to register, there's others who've refused their medical, now there's a growing number of those who have refused their call-up notices — this is the last stage, and it's the most important one. The government doesn't want to see any more people in our position. If we have twenty or thirty people who they are trying to jail for eighteen months like us then we're going to be able to force the situation even more. I think they know that most who disobey call-up notices are going to do what we've done, some are not, some are not going to go into hiding, some are even going to go to court but this is a purely personal thing, the majority are going to go underground and join us in our confrontation.

When you're hiding inside all day and moving all the time from house to house, do you

ever get sick of it, what keeps you going?

Well it took a while to adjust because before I went underground I'd been a fairly active organiser in the draft resisters union. One thing about going underground is that you've just got to cut out the organisation work. And in a way organising had become very much a way of life for me, so I had to change my life pretty radically at that point. I kept wanting to go out and do things and there was a great deal of frustration, but I have learnt to change, I've got down and done more reading, and just become somewhat more introspective....plus the fact that I had to try and complete the fifth year of my architecture, which I think I've almost done. The Christmas period I guess I might just go away and have a holiday.

Two things keep me going. Sort of a moral commitment opposing the National Service Act — I think I would go on doing that even if it were futile, even if there wasn't the remote chance of getting the National Service Act repealed, there is some sort of inner compulsion if you like. I just don't want to compromise myself in any way. But the beauty of it is that I think that it is politically real, that we might defeat the National Service Act. I think that if the government accepts the challenge of the massive resistance that is building up, and if large numbers of people do end up in goat then we'll have a very good chance of defeating the Act... of course the Labor party might win and that would also get us out.

I think we will go to jail and that's going to be another stage



just like going underground was Not just in ones and twos, we have seen Charles Martin in jail and he's finished his sentence now, and it didn't mobilise public opinion at all. Geoff Mullen is in jail now and nothing much seems to be happening, but by us doing this collectively it could mean ten or fifteen people arrested at once. This will have much more political impact, and I think this could mobilise a lot of support.

How did you develop to a position of total resistance to the National Service Act?

Really from right through my secondary school days I was troubled by what was happening in Vietnam, I was one of the few at school that spoke out against the war. After I left high school it was necessary for me to start thinking about what sort of approach I would take if I was conscripted. At first I was going to take a conscientious objectors position. That is I was going to work through the National Service Act and plead conscientious beliefs. Because at that stage I had developed very firm pacifist beliefs. But some time after that, just before I turned twenty I began to read in a few pacifist magazines, on how very few at that stage were starting on a course of non-compliance with the National Service Act. Not registering and not obeying their medicals and not obeying their call up.

Very few people were doing this, and it was still on very personal grounds. There was no political consciousness involved at all, it was just a few people who made just one step from conscientious objection to non-compliance and there was no unity amongst those who were doing it.

What sort of arguments were you involved in then, that

made you believe that it wasn't enough just to register and plead C.O.?

As a pacifist I say that there was a contradiction. A pacifist, it seemed to me, should be opposed to war not only for himself but for everybody else. And by working thru the National Service Act to exempt himself, the pacifist was admitting the legality and morality of the National Service Act to conscript others for participation in war.

In other words he wasn't trying to alter the situation where the main instrument of war — that is conscription — was abolished. This was the first contradiction I saw in the sort of standard conscientious objection.

You say you've gone from a personal objection to conscription to a political resistance. What do you mean by this change?

Well this happened with many others besides myself. We began to meet in small numbers in 1968, twenty or thirty of us. We used to sometimes meet interstate, to discuss our non-compliant stand, it was really the beginning of what we now call collective resistance. We began to feel that there was a need for some sort of unity, some sort of political organisation if we were going to carry any sort of weight. And the collectivisation of this sort of resistance is now beginning to bear fruit. The embarrassment that we are now throwing up to the government

But when you are talking about political objection, you seem to be talking about a unity of action specifically opposed to the National Service act, in the antiwar movement at the moment the notion of political is very different from this - it involves saying that the question is not a moral one,

that it's not simply a matter of personal morality but it tends to identify the enemy as imperialism. They therefore tend to see their opposition to conscription as part of a total rejection of capitalist society. Is this the sort of ideological change you've gone through?

This is true to some extent. I don't draw the same sort of absolute pacifist distinctions as I did draw a few years ago. I don't think we can draw such absolute positions as that, but I think I've got very strong moral grounds for opposing conscription as well as political objections. My whole sort of political being has developed over three years of objection to the National Service Act. I've begun to realise a lot of the political realities.

Would you describe the Vietnam war as an imperialist war, and would you support the NLF as an anti imperialist force, or do you still see this as an objection to an immoral war?

I realise the United States, is engaged in to use the cliché, imperialism. Imperialist intervention in Vietnam (and of course it's going on in other countries of south east asia too) is not publicised but



is going on where americans have got vital political and economic interests. This has been the development of the whole anti-war movement. They've gone from this position of "stop the war by negotiation" to supporting those forces that are actively combatting the interventionists.

Can you think of any situation in which you might resort to force - and I don't mean the little yellow man having it off with your dear old mum scenario?

I can't envisage it at the moment because in Australia a revolutionary situation is still not on. I discount the whole myth that we are at a pre-revolutionary stage, it just is not going to happen and therefore I find it very difficult to decide, I'd just have to make up my mind at the time.

How do you feel about trends within the anti-war movement towards a weatherman position towards the destruction of property and the deliberate violent confrontation of the forces of the law?

I support militant action, but I don't support militant violent action. In the future it may be a different story but not at the present time. In Australian society as it is at present, we can make our point much better if we are to keep our protests essentially non-violent. It's in our interests to minimise any violence and not initiate it. Most of the violence at demonstrations is started by the police. It's in their interests to initiate it and it's in our interests even so to minimise it. The point is that we're not in a revolutionary situation or a pre-revolutionary situation. The powers of the state as far as violence goes are far superior to those of the anti-war movement, just

in practical terms. We're not within cooe of the capacity for violence.

Do you feel that your objection to the conscription is part of a total rejection of capitalist society? Do you see the need for any major restructuring of the society?

I've developed a somewhat overall perspective in a way. I want to see real and dramatic changes, I want to see some sort of socialist economy. I think it's just a matter of finding the avenues through which each revolutionary can work. And I feel that we are going to be working very much within a reformist framework.

Do you mean working within the Labor Party?

No, I don't think that's the only answer by any means. I think the only way in which we've been successful in opposing the war and conscription has been through extra-parliamentary action outside the Labor Party. If we are always further to the left of the Labor Party, there's a chance if they do get into government we may be able to push them into doing certain things.

It seems to me at the moment that there are two alternative strategies being offered for changing the society, one the extra-parliamentary militant political strategy and the other the notion of building up an alternative society, a counter-culture.

Actually I think that there is room for both. A counter-culture is developing, and it is making the old culture irrelevant to a new generation of people, it's nowhere near as advanced as it is in the United States but we seem to be following some of the American patterns. But as far as building a revolutionary movement I just don't think that we can do it. Even if there was a great economic depression I don't think it will come, we've seen depressions in the past and they haven't led to revolution. And the economists can manage the economy better now than they could then, so we're not going to reach that same climax in political ferment, but then the revolution doesn't just happen on the basis of economic change, it must involve a change in values on the part of the whole population. Just changing the economy like they did in the Soviet Union doesn't really result in any thing much better than the society that we've got now.

100raiduni
but miss
draft four

letters

Dear High Times,

Would it be possible to send me some information of the location and conditions of a few of the communes in the Eastern States (and if you can, the possibility of finding work on any of them).

Also, if you know where I could obtain a copy of "Living on the Earth" by A. B. Lorel
Yours faithfully
David Solihir
c/- Forest Dept.
Mundaring Weir,
Western Aust. 6073

(Ed—Anyone who can help?)

Dear High Times,

Have read and dug the issues of High Times as far released, and only hope it continues to improve ad infinitum. However I would dig to see and help High Times to become a focal point for interflow of ideas for all people, and as a means of communication it would appear to be one of the best - provided it is given the support it needs and deserves from heads around the country.

Now here's the catch, I want you to publish this letter and my address. Not having the bread, time or interstate contacts to be able to obtain copies of Mother Earth News or Whole Earth Catalogues, I would dig to hear from anyone, anywhere who would either supply me with old copies of

these or from anyone either engaged in, or interested in topics of vital importance to us all; things like organic gardening and hints on same, animal raising, good healthy eating and cooking, in short, all topics of interest to anyone who wants to carry out the alternative life style to the full extent.

Just making ends meet, and keeping healthy, both mentally and physically and loving is all we have to do, so why not help each other do it. I'd dig to hear from anyone, in any state, with any information to help us all keep our heads above the water, and to help create and foster a greater interflow of ideas, possibly using High Times as a clearing house for these ideas,

Hope you can help me in some way.

Yours in evolution,

Greig Flinn
Coochiemudlo Island
Via. Victoria Pt.
Qld. 4163

One day the drug squad could be a squad of guys in uniform who wander around giving out free joints.
(Shangri Lal)

Paul Shaw
Leguna
West Tamar
Tasmania

Hello People

We are in the middle of preparing for a safari into the jungles of Brazil in search of the Fabled and mythical Hallucinogenic apples, found only in the upper reaches of the Amazon and we are in need of two more members urgently, if interested get in touch by writing to
J. Lillis, Jr.
90 Akland Ave.
Bolkham Hills, N.S.W. 2153
Your Brother,
Humito

Brothers,

Congratulations! "High Times" is beautiful — may it last forever. There is however one complaint . . . your record reviews. From being absolutely brilliant in the early issues of "Revolution", these have now degenerated into a load of shit

Convey's okay I guess, but Ed. Zimmervoll wouldn't know a good record from a hole in the head. Whatever happened to Rob Smyth? He's the best goddamned reviewer in the country.

Yours,
P. Hill
Howrah,
Tasmania

High Times,

Well man,

I've read only three issues of Revolution/High Times and it seems to be just what I need. One thing pisses me off, that's the music reviews. The records you do never make it up here.

A few comments. You're not getting enough local material. Heady things are happening down there and you write about New York or London shit. Who wants to read about yanks, let alone gay yanks. Lets have more clean healthy Australian sex. America might be where its happening, but why give a fuck?

The food section is great, really great, tho you should see some of the stuff we eat here.

Jeoo oru
Kepp printing.
MIXU
Port Moresby

Dear High Times,

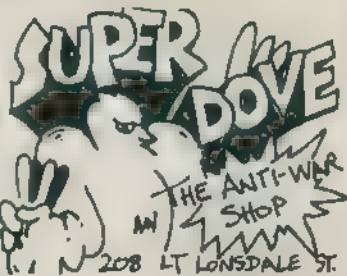
Your magazine is stupid, trashy, dirty, filthy, vulgar, obscene and the rest — and I love it, so keep it up.

John Lama
Bairnsdale, Vic.

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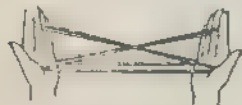
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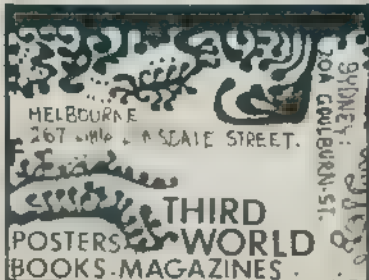
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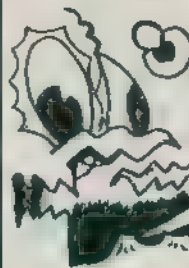


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THEY'RE OUT TO GET US

Any magazine which chooses to exercise the freedom of thought and expression lives a life of trauma. HIGH TIMES having made this choice experiences a trauma about every day and does so expectingly. But one thing is starting to make us very uptight.

Many newsagents refuse to sell High Times, sometimes this is due to personal prejudice and sometimes it is due to the "head office". For example Tasmania has been stopped by the Government review board and South Australia who can readily get a copy of High Times are those who have subscriptions.

In order to avoid these self-appointed censors, we at High Times encourage you all to subscribe. For your sake. We'll still be on sale at some newsagents in some states.



PUBLICATIONS BOARD OF REVIEW

ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT
FRANKLIN SQUARE, HOBART

3rd November, 1971

The Manager,
South Hobart Newsagency,
354a Macquarie Street,
HOBART...Tasmania 7600


Dear Sir,

I have been directed by the Board to invite your attention to the publication Revolution High Times particularly August 1971 Volume 2 No. 4.

As the standard of this publication is below that acceptable to the Board it would be disposed to take action to prohibit its distribution unless it and subsequent issues were voluntarily withdrawn or withheld from sale.

I would be glad of your early advice in the matter.

Yours faithfully,


 (D. McK. Stranger)
 SECRETARY

HIGH TIMES/P.O. BOX 77 CARLTON 3053

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FOOD

BREAKFAST

What do you eat in the morning? Two fried eggs and a piece of toast and a couple of sausages? Aren't you dying for a change (and hastening it without the change, to be melodramatic and blunt)? Why not try Familia?

Familia

- 1 sliced apple
- 1 sliced banana
- 1 sliced orange
- 2 tablespoons sultanas
- 1 tablespoon sesame seeds
- 2 tablespoons coconut, grated, (dried or fresh)
- 1 cup oatmeal, raw (don't use quick-cooking types)
- ¼ cup nuts, chopped
- ¼ cup wheatgerm
- milk
- honey

Mix all this in a large bowl, adding honey to desired sweetness and milk until the mixture reaches the consistency of oatmeal cookie dough. Familia will last 4 or 5 days in the refrigerator before the "refrigerator taste" takes over. It is handy if you have to rush off in the morning, you can make it the night before. Just pour a bit of milk or cream over it and eat it cold.

Granola

- 2 cups oatmeal, raw
- ½ cup wheatgerm
- 2 tablespoons soya oil (or corn oil or butter or whatever)
- ¼ cup chopped nuts (almonds or cashews or walnuts)
- honey

Mix this in a large bowl, adding honey to desired sweetness. Spread it thinly on a large biscuit tray, not like a patty, loosely, and bake in a pre-heated oven at 350 degrees. Stir occasionally so that all the oatmeal is browned. When it is browned, about 10 to 14 minutes, remove and cool in

a flat dish or bowl. It will keep for a couple of weeks in a plastic bag or cannister. Serve it cold with milk.

Hot Malasada (not really but I call it that)

Spread a slice of toasted wholewheat bread with peanut butter and honey. Sprinkle sultanas and nuts on top. Peanut butter in conjunction with wholewheat bread contain the same essential amino-acids (proteins) as a slice of meat.

Instead of that morning coffee or tea (filled with addicting caffeine and harmful dyes and acids) try drinking herbal teas. Chamomile and mint teas are considered mild tranquilisers, rose hips tea is good for your necessary shot of vitamin C.

SALADS

I feel a bit silly writing about salads. They seem to be such an easy thing to prepare, yet I find that they tend to be the most boring, unimaginative part of any meal. The big problem is that there is a tendency to think of only a few things as "proper" for salad. Almost any vegetable can be put in a salad, raw zucchini, raw mushrooms, raw green beans, raw peas. The more of your vegetables you eat raw the more food value you will get from them, as cooking vegetables destroys the vitamins and turns the vegetable into starch.

Green Salad

- 1 medium tomato, sliced
- 1 medium carrot, grated or sliced
- 1 long stick celery, chopped
- 1 3 cucumber, sliced
- 1 small zucchini, sliced (or other squash)
- 4 or 5 mushrooms, sliced
- 10 green beans, broken
- 2 tablespoons sesame seeds
- 2 tablespoons sultanas

- 2 tablespoons chopped nuts (raw cashews are good)
- 2 spring onions, chopped

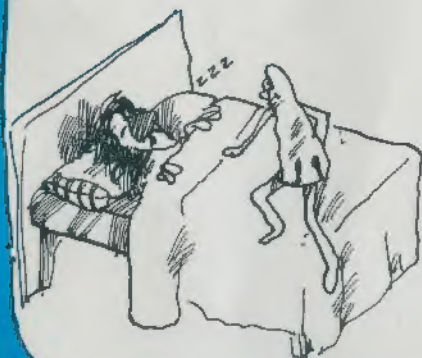
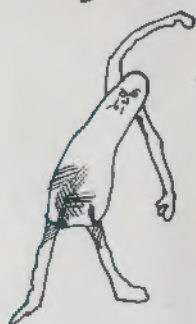
Wash all your vegetables, I don't know if this does much good, besides cleaning off the dirt, because the pesticides that have been sprayed on the farms have probably soaked into the soil and impregnated the food to the core. And most pesticides now used are rain-resistant, so won't wash off in water. Obviously it would be better to buy organic produce, but this is often impossible for various reasons. But you might be lucky and buy tomatoes that don't have water-proofed pesticides, so wash anyway.

Also folks, please don't peel your carrots. Almost all the vitamins of the carrot are in the skin, so why throw it away? If you don't like the taste or texture of carrot skins, grate the carrots rather than chop them, you won't taste the skins.

When you buy your leafy greens, don't only buy the crunchy-type lettuce. Try using raw spinach, it has a great salty taste. Use cabbage, how about some iron-rich, parsley, even watercress. All of these are much more tasty and interesting than crunchy lettuce. You'll get enough crunch from the other vegetables used.

When I make this salad I start with a huge salad bowl, and put all the vegetables in the bowl before I put any leafy greens in. That way I know how much lettuce the salad needs to feed the people about to eat it. Sometimes I don't have any room left for lettuce at all, but it hardly matters with all these other goodies to munch on.

CYNTHIA



ONCE A HEAD... STAY A HEAD!!

STAY AHEAD

- by GARRY & GAIL -



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